

Catholic Digest

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SEPTEMBER, 1940

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

God understandeth the way of it [wisdom]. For He beholdeth the ends of the world, and looketh on all things that are under heaven. And He said to man, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

From Matins of the second week of September.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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He Covers the Arctic

Along with the Gospel

By MARIE O'DEA

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

"Five hundred dollars! You don't mean to say that you are actually contemplating an expedition into the Arctic on \$500?"

"*Certainement!* And why not? I once did it on \$35. Miserably, of course. I'd rather have \$500, if I can get it."

There was something funny about it. We were seated in a small room in Washington. Just a mile or so away, Congress was exploding over the hundreds of thousands of dollars appropriation for the Byrd Antarctic expedition. And here sat a little French Canadian priest, with a record of six Arctic expeditions totaling nearly 50,000 miles behind him, wondering where he was going to get \$500 to make his seventh voyage this summer.

This man is no harum-scarum Arctic adventurer. Masquerading behind his remarkable wit and good humor is a

thoroughly competent scientist with a grim determination to complete the amazing task given him seven years ago. I know, too, that no matter what sum comes his way to start out with this summer, he won't get stranded in the Arctic. He is too resourceful.

These are the precise qualities that caused Father Dutilly to be selected to accomplish one of the Church's most difficult and dangerous tasks.

Technically, his job is to report the scientific aspect of the missions scattered about the top of the earth. Actually, for the first time in history, the Church, as a result of his work, will get credit for the untold wealth of information which her missionaries have contributed to all the arts and sciences.

It has been common practice for explorers, even some of the most celebrated ones, to visit the missionary priests who have preceded them into

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. August, 1940.

those remote spots on the globe. From the good-natured Fathers they secure handmade maps of otherwise uncharted territory, and explicit data on the terrain.

They learn about the geology, soils, minerals and other natural resources of the region. The priests throw open to them their records of climatic observations, the daily maximum and minimum temperature recordings, barometric readings, rainfall, direction of wind, level of water and similar studies. Fossils and other archeological specimens which the priests have accumulated are examined with interest.

They secure complete information on the races and tribes that inhabit the region, their origin, habits, customs, dialects, and dispositions. The missionaries give them transportation and often weeks and months of hospitality. Naturally, these missionaries who have ventured into the unknown, who have taken all the risks and have lived in such places for years are gold mines for explorers who stay there only a few months.

Pope Benedict XV and Pope Pius XI both urged that provision be made for recording the missionaries' contributions to the sciences and arts. The missionaries, themselves, are far too overwhelmed with their evangelizing tasks to attempt any adequate presentation of their achievements. It became obvious that such a work would have to be placed into the hands of a man

highly trained in natural science, capable of handling the field jobs, the research, coordination, assembling and interpretation of all the facts. On top of that, such a man would have to be healthy, strong and resourceful to combat the rigors of nature at the outposts of human habitation.

In that part of the province of Quebec that lies south of the St. Lawrence River and touches the Vermont border there rests the little town of Roxton Falls. The French-Canadian natives speak of it as "Roxton Falls in the diocese of St. Hyacinth." There, in 1896, Arthème Dutilly was born into a thoroughly Catholic family. He studied with the Marist Brothers at the local school and then went to high school and college at the University of Ottawa. He received his A.B. degree at that university in 1920.

He entered the novitiate of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Lachine, Quebec, and continued his theological studies at Ottawa. In 1924 he was ordained at Ottawa by Bishop Eymard. His first priestly post was at the College of Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan, where he was professor of philosophy for three years and prefect of studies and teacher of natural sciences for six.

At the University of Montreal he took his degree as a technician in agriculture, then in 1934 his L.S.A. (License in the Science of Agriculture) and in 1935 his L.L. (License in Let-

ters). This specialized training plus his personal characteristics made Father Dutilly the ideal individual to follow out the suggestions promulgated by Popes Benedict XV and Pius XI.

Accordingly, upon the demand of the bishops of the Arctic, he was appointed by the general house of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Rome as naturalist of the Arctic missions. As a result of his accomplishments in that field he was made, in 1938, research associate in biology at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C. Here, during the winter, he writes his books and papers, assembles his specimens, interprets his findings and plans his next summer's Arctic expeditions.

His first voyage, in 1933, was that astonishing \$35 excursion. At Montreal he boarded a day coach for the 800-mile trip to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The budget permitted no such luxury as a sleeper. At Halifax he signed on as a wireless man and a member of the crew of the schooner *Pius XI*. He worked four hours on duty and four hours off, taking turns with another man at handling the wheel or taking care of the ice.

Up the gulf inside Newfoundland, out along the coast of Labrador, through the Hudson Strait, across Hudson Bay to Port Churchill, a 1,200-mile journey, labored the *Pius XI*, ducking into fjords and inlets as bad weather came up. Every time they came near the

shore Father Dutilly took a small boat to the beach. Then he hiked inland to gather representative specimens of soils, plants, minerals, fossils and artifacts, and to take pictures of the landscapes and of the precise spots where he found his treasures.

Debarking at Port Churchill, he took the train for the 2,000-mile journey back to Montreal, again *sans* sleeper. (Father Dutilly is no longer a lover of sandwiches.) When he got off the train at Montreal he found that he had maintained his \$35 budget to a nicety. There was just enough left for carfare back to the University. That time, he covered 4,000 miles in seven weeks, working his own way most of the time.

On the second voyage, in 1934, he had \$250 in his pocket when he took the train from Montreal for the 2,000-mile run to Edmonton, Alberta, and the 300-mile further ride up to McMurray. In skiffs and other small boats he rowed up to the Mackenzie River and down to Mackenzie Delta for about 1,800 miles, stopping frequently to secure material, pictures and information. Then at Herschel Island he took another schooner, this one 55 feet long, to the Copper Mine River on the Arctic Sea, 1,200 miles to the east.

In 1936, '37, '38 and '39, Father Dutilly was off on similar voyages by boat, canoe, plane, dog team and at least 100 miles each summer on foot with a heavy pack on his back. He made a map indicating all his Arctic

travels, dots marking the places he visited. He counted them for me. "*Une, deux, trois: 111 stops*" he announced, "and at some of them I touched four, five, six and seven times on my way back and forth."

Material collected by him has found its way into museums in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, France and the Vatican. On this side of the Atlantic, they appear in the National Museum of Ottawa, the Herbarium of the University of Ottawa, the Agricultural Institute of Oka in Canada, and in the Department of Agriculture, the National Museum, and the Catholic University of America, in Washington. Every single specimen bears a printed label indicating that it came from the missions, together with the name of the vicariate and the bishop at its head.

To the Langlois Herbarium at the Catholic University, Father Dutilly has brought 20,000 sheets of plants, some of them containing four or five plants each. They include a specimen of every plant that he gathered in the Arctic. On account of this, Catholic University will have the largest collection of Arctic plants in the world.

But Father Dutilly was not content to render this superb service to botany alone. He brought back rocks and minerals for the use of research specialists in geology. Now these scientists can conduct their own research in Arctic resources right at home. He has

secured soils from the barren land for the analysts at the bureau of soils at the Department of Agriculture. In other words, he has brought the Arctic to Washington.

Similarly, he has served museums and research staffs with Eskimo artifacts such as knives, drills, utensils, weapons, combs, and similar anthropological material. The fossils collected by him have interested archeologists in various parts of the world.

Meticulously, he is adhering to the motive that sent him into the Arctic seven years ago. Every little task that he performs is done with the express intent of giving due credit to the Church for the magnificent work done by her missionaries.

He wants the world to know that these priests have contributed to the field of art by their studies of the sculpture, drawings, paintings and music of the Eskimos; to archeology, by their collections of fossils and artifacts; to ethnology, by their many detailed reports on the customs of the Indians and Eskimos.

Besides these, they have rendered service to literature by their translations of the Gospels and most of the Old Testament into 30 primitive dialects; and translations of other literature, moral treatises, newspaper reports and textbooks into these same dialects; to history, because of their studies of the origin of the tribes which they are laboring to convert; to education, by

their 50 day and boarding schools.

There are several fields in which the priests help the arts and sciences in general and the Canadian Government in particular. In agriculture, for example, they have studied the possibilities of the soils, have planted gardens at the missions and have taught farming to the natives; and they are constantly making precise scientific reports to the Canadian government on the progress of each experimental crop. They operate half a dozen sub-stations for the government and send in agricultural samples.

Every mission is an outpost observatory for the weather bureau. On the wireless sets with which the missions

are equipped, the priests report temperature trends, rainfall and water levels, wind direction and other pertinent data.

To accomplish all these tasks the missionaries operate logging camps and sawmills; wireless stations, receiving and sending sets; a complete transportation system including airplanes, schooners, motorboats, a rowboat or a canoe for each mission, trucks, tractors and hundreds of dogs.

The mere recording of all these benefits that the Arctic missionaries are rendering to civilization is more than a lifetime job. But Father Dutilly is still full of enthusiasm for his assignment.



Donors

We are not in favor of having donor's names printed at the bottom of stained-glass windows. It is too reminiscent of advertising, and not advertising of ordinary things like cigarettes and chewing gum, which is bad enough in itself, but the advertising of one's own generosity, which is much worse. If a pastor cannot have stained-glass windows in his church unless he promises those who will donate them a plaque with name and address on it, it is better for him to make a church without any windows at all, or at least with windows like the ones we have in our kitchen or sitting room at home. The poor would give windows, too, if they could, and they need prayers as well as anybody else. Yet you do not see their names hung up on all sides for the admiration of future generations.

In one church we saw a window containing full-sized pictures of three beautiful angels. One of the angels held in his hands a long scroll, and the other angels were looking over their friend's shoulder reading the words written on the scroll: "This window was donated by Mr. and Mrs. John Smith." To us that is a new low in fatuousness. As though angels would be that interested in knowing that Mr. and Mrs. John Smith gave \$1,000 out of their millions in order to have a window installed in a chapel!

E. F. Miller in the *Liguorian* (Aug. '40).

Witch Hunts Are Out

By BRYAN M. O'REILLY

Catholic manifesto on war

Condensed from the *Magnificat**

Lord deliver me," said Saint Thomas More, "from the blast of men's mouths." We might echo him today.

In the first place, we Americans, who also have the good fortune and honor of being Catholics, have an especial problem: the universality of the faith is not well understood. Have you noted the campaign of vilification which has been launched against Leopold, the Catholic king of the Belgians? Have you noted the "shocked mystification" of prominent radio announcers that "Catholic Italy" has sided with the powers of darkness? Have you noted that a metropolitan special correspondent has tagged "Irish-Americans" as fertile "fifth column" material because of their traditional hatred of England? Do you know that Anglophile circles are "pained" by the American tone of the Catholic press?

So far as the king of the Belgians is concerned, he can face man and God unafraid. This war was not of Belgium's seeking nor did she wish any part of it. The historic cockpit of Europe scarcely could hope to escape the collision of the major powers. Factually the situation simply was this: once a major war broke out, Belgium, because of her position, was bound to be dominated by one or other of the

warring powers. Freedom of action was out of the question. Strictly neutral as long as possible and honorably resisting invasion when it came, the Belgian people and their king are not subjects for reproach because, of the great warring powers, Germany rather than the Allies won. As for Leopold, he remained with his people and his army, which is more than his ministers did. When the battle of Flanders obviously was lost, when the French, directly appealed to, could give him no further help, when the British were evacuating as swiftly as might be, and his army and people were facing massacre, he capitulated.

Leopold was not obligated, beyond all hope of success, to sacrifice his people by the hundred thousand for the advantage of one set of belligerents. It was not Belgium's war.

Every man in authority, whose word holds the lives of many, sooner or later has the responsibility of deciding, in terms of human life, when honor and justice and truth are satisfied, when it is time to cry quits. Just remember that the judgment of the major party which lost by the decision is not an impartial one, and that Leopold, who had the fateful decision forced upon him, is a Catholic gentleman aware of

*131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H. July, 1940.

his moral obligations and well read in philosophy and theology, better read, in all probability, than his vitriolic critics.

And now for this shocked undertone of contemporary commentators that "Catholic Italy" has thrown in her lot with Nazi Germany. One should not descend to the *tu quoque*; if one could it would be tempting to ask why the "Christian nations" of the West are wheedling Soviet Russia once again. The truth of the matter is that it is Fascist Italy, quite distinct and opposed to Catholic teaching and faith, that has joined Nazi Germany.

Sad to say, the measure of Italy's real rather than habitual Catholicism is in inverse proportion to her devotion to Fascism! There are, of course, thousands of exemplary Italian Catholics who now will fight for their country despite its Fascist complexion—but as Italians, not as Catholics! Just as there are many thousand Catholic Germans in the army which invaded France. There again the conscience must decide, and God, in His good time, will disentangle.

Close to home we have this specious and ever so carefully guarded characterization of Irish-American (and *ergo* Catholic) as fertile fifth-column material; with which we may link the "pained surprise" of Anglophiles at the reluctance of the Catholic press to advocate the entry of the U. S. into the war.

The answer to this is simply that an excess of zeal on the part of the Anglophiles and an excess of hate on the part of leftist opinion has caused both groups to forget that this is, after all, the U. S. A. The Irish-American and the Catholic press, once more, have nothing to explain. They have, by and large, taken a typical "man from Missouri" American attitude. It is from the others that an explanation is in order. We are as yet at peace with all our neighbors, although we may like some better than others!

This particular bundle of thoughtless innuendos and catchcries spring from two main roots: an inherent dislike of Catholicism and an absolute misapprehension of what the Catholic faith means. As Catholics, and children of God, we have an absolute and objective standard of morals which we at least try to live up to. That standard, because it is our Creator's and not ours, is not personal to us; we share it with all souls. From a worldly point of view it is inconvenient at times since it is impossible for us either to rationalize our principles or twist our God into directions which assure that in human crises all the chips fall on what we consider at the moment to be "the right side." Truth is absolute and the chips must lie where they fall.

Most of our world, since the Protestant revolt, has become expert in reconciling moral principle with the needs of the moment. We are not entirely

immune; the spectacle of English, German, French and Italian bishops, the successors of the apostles, blessing and advocating the "cause" of their particular peoples is humanly understandable but not spiritually edifying.

But it is the legitimate participation of national Catholic laity in temporal affairs as their native conscience sees it that outrages our separated brethren. "The Catholic people do this," they bray, "because Catholic!" That is a vicious canard. The people do thus and so because, on the temporal level, they are Italian or English or Dutch. And, insofar as they are sincerely Catholic, they are held in check by Catholic moral sense. But our supernatural faith does not, and here indeed we have the classic example, regiment opinion in temporal concerns.

Boiling it down, this can be asserted: where it exists, be it in England or Germany, France, the U. S., or Italy, the Catholic faith modifies natural human weakness. The non-religious man follows his bent, the religious man must think at least once. The truth is the exact reverse of the popular non-Catholic concept; we cannot carry at our masthead, as does a popular U. S. daily, "Our country, right or wrong." But our interpretation of *right* and *wrong*, when it is not a matter of faith and morals, will be colored by our race and national requirements. What is absurd in our separated brethren is to impute what is weak in act to our

supernatural faith and what is strong to our temporal and national inclinations. They think thus because they cannot understand any supernatural content in man.

There, then, is the answer to the trivial innuendos which inflame the public mind at the moment. We should be particularly circumspect in our speech at this time. For instance: as an American citizen I do not think that the U. S. should enter the present war because she is not ready and is not immediately threatened; as a Catholic I pray for peace with justice knowing that war is the scourge which God may allow for our chastisement, but which does not come from Him. And it is not for me to judge the Catholics of other nations. In one thing at least, as Catholics, we of this nation who are Catholics must run counter to current popular hysteria. Nothing releases us from the dictates of charity.

Supporting our national well-being in the temporal sphere to the utmost of our ability, adopting our national outlook as is just and natural, we must yet remember the charity of the brotherhood. We may not join in "witch hunts" doing injury to our neighbor because we do not like his name, his color, or his racial antecedents. We must not, in our turn, emulate the columnist who dubbed Irish-Americans possible subversive elements because of their faith and race.

Events in Europe are grave and their

import is not confined to the eastward shore of the western ocean. Liberty under God may be all but extinguished on the continent and "liberty" will not remain here very long unless "under God." Nor is this one of those facile "religious" statements without very much concrete meaning. Stop and

think: all the virtues and qualities and forbearances and disciplines which built this country and made possible the flowering of liberty sprang out of the Christian creed. With its collapse we get the "way of life" of the Communist hammer and sickle and the Nazi hooked cross!



One Thousand Years

The student of history might give many cases of what could be called the inferentially supernatural, where the interposition of God seems to be manifested by notable coincidences. The Protestant historian, Alison, tells of the challenge of Napoleon to the pope who excommunicated him. The words of Alison are as follows:

"'What does the pope mean,' said Napoleon in July, 1807, 'by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?' Within two years after these remarkable words were written, the pope did excommunicate him, in return for the confiscation of his whole dominions, and in less than four years more, the arms did fall from the hands of his soldiers; and the hosts, apparently invincible, which he had collected were dispersed and ruined by the blasts of winter. 'The weapons of the soldiers,' says Segur in describing the Russian retreat, 'appeared of an insupportable weight to their stiffened arms. During their frequent falls they fell from their hands, and destitute of the power of raising them from the ground they were left in the snow. They did not throw them away: famine and cold tore them from their grasp.' 'The soldiers could no longer hold their weapons,' says Salgues, 'they fell from the hands of even the bravest and most robust. The muskets dropped from the frozen arms of those who bore them.'"

The Protestant Alison comments: "There is something in these marvelous coincidences beyond the operations of chance, and which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages. The world had not gone back 1,000 years, but that Being existed with whom 1,000 years are as one day, and one day as 1,000 years."

Henry Somerville in the *Eikon* (July '40).

Spiders and Webs

By GEORGE K. FEY, C.P.P.S.

The Lord's is the glory

Condensed from *Nuntius Aulæ**

Nearly every day of our lives we have seen a spider or her web, and we remember that the spider uses the web to catch flies. With most of us our closest voluntary approach to one of these fuzzy little creatures is somewhere within reach of a fly-swatter handle.

But let us for a moment discard our innate aversion for spiders, and study these odd-shaped little sportswomen more closely. We call them "sports" because they spend every day of their lives in hunting and trapping the game on which they live; "women," because it is these we most generally meet, for the males hide in mortal fear of their more able-bodied consorts.

To meet our spider we walk through a garden in the gathering dusk, keeping a sharp lookout. There, between two shrubs, where moths and other night-flying insects are likely to pass, we catch sight of our first huntress. She is just beginning the first beam of her net. This first strand is really a beam, for it stretches across between the two bushes, and all the rest of the web is woven below on this support. How is she able to stretch this across in mid-air? We see her drop from the limb, spinning continually, leaving a silken thread behind her. When she

has spun a thread long enough to reach the other wall of her trap, she stops her fall and climbs back up the suspended ladder, all the while spinning her thread. Thus when she arrives at the top, we see that she has a double thread with a loop in the middle. Then she sits quietly and waits. The delicate thread flutters in the evening breezes, and floats lightly over to the opposite bush and as soon as it touches, catches fast. Lady spider is quite satisfied. Back and forth she goes, each time strengthening her suspension cable.

Soon we see her dropping and climbing and swinging crazily in every direction. It seems to be utter confusion, but then we see the result of her splendid architectural skill: a trellis of gray beauty in the gathering dusk. It is a cartwheel almost perfect in proportion with evenly-spaced spokes. This is the result of seeming disorder. She lays the radii not in succession, but in the order which will balance the structure and keep it uniform. She neutralizes a pull in one direction by a pull in the opposite direction. Now we see her at the important part of her work, for which the rest is but a support. She is ready to lay the spiral snare which is to procure her victuals for the night. She begins at the outside and proceeds

*St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio. July, 1940.

in an ever-narrowing spiral until she reaches the center of her net. This entire operation is speedy and continuous, for the spider by the use of a wonderful gift produces a sticky thread which holds fast by its own glue. This glue is the secret of her ability as a huntress. Any insect that touches these adhesive strands is instantly held fast, but the spider, because of an oily secretion on her legs, darts back and forth across her net with impunity.

When her wheel-shaped trap is finished, she takes up her post at the hub to wait for the least vibration by which she will be informed that her evening snack has crawled into her parlor. Instantly, she hastens to the spot and throws a shackle of silk about her victim and then injects a dose of paralyzing poison from her fangs into the nearest part of her captive. Back to her central position she goes, taking with her the now limp bundle of silk. Here at the center, where the threads are free from the glue, she sits comfortably and sucks the blood from her unlucky victim. After this she munches contentedly on the dead insect while waiting for her next visitor.

Most species of our garden spiders are absent from the hunting ground during the hours of hot sunlight. But let us cast a cricket or grasshopper into the deserted net and see what happens. Invariably the lady of the house puts in her appearance as soon as the insect is caught. She could not have

seen her victim for she had been dozing several feet away, and even at a hand's distance she is so short-sighted that she is unable to distinguish objects. We are at a loss to explain her means of alarm until we notice a slender thread leading from the web to her hiding place. This magic telegraph line is the spider's means of communication by which she is awakened and told to "come and get it."

When the web becomes so badly torn as to be useless, we find out what happens to "used spider webs." How fantastic it would seem to say that she trades them in on a newer model as we do with our used cars, but for the most part this is exactly what she does. She gathers into a bundle all the tattered fragments, except the precious suspension cable, and swallows the entire mass. After this she is ready to rebuild her trap.

Are you wondering about the youngsters? If we are fortunate on some summer evening, we can see a stranger very timidly climbing up to our friend's web. Stealthily he approaches and scampers away at full speed as soon as the mating is over. Indeed, were he to linger even for a short while, he would promptly be eaten, as is every other violator of a female spider's property rights. If two females accidentally find themselves in the same home, one will eventually conquer and eat the other; after which the victor retains possession of the web. Some

spiders carry their young about on their backs for several months of the year; if two mothers and their families meet, one is bound to be a meal for the other, after which the orphaned young climb nonchalantly up and take their places alongside the lawful family.

Some time after mating, our friend will be ready to prepare for her family. Here, as with the web, the construction of the nest is a peculiar characteristic of each species. Their nests differ in ornateness and mechanism, but the basic construction of each is similar. There is invariably an inner cell containing the eggs, completely covered by a maze of soft, silky down, which in turn is encased in a weatherproof shell, all constructed by the spider from the same substance as her web. After the nest is completed, there are various methods of caring for the young. Some species carry the nest about with them at all times; others desert it entirely. Some mothers die as soon as the nest is completed; some live to protect the young until they emerge from the nest. Others, too, among them the garden spider, live to rear many more families in future years. But how does the mechanism of the nest work? Some are opened by the mother spider at the time the eggs are hatched. Others are opened by the young themselves. The nest of the garden spider bursts open by the heat of the sun. We have already spoken of the garden species

which carry their young about with them. With most species, however, the young spiders are on their own immediately.

After emerging from the soft nest these young spiders begin their travels. Invariably they scramble for the highest point in the vicinity. Here in the warm sun they begin to weave a maze of dangling threads so thin as to be scarcely visible. A slight wind tears the thread from the mooring, and one by one the youngsters go floating away through the air, borne along much as is dandelion seed by the very lightness of its vessel. Sooner or later the airship softly drifts to earth, and the green of the fields and the forests are covered with silver threads of gossamer, a sight familiar to all of us who like to stroll before the morning dew has lifted.

Thus the young spiders find new homes for themselves, and after a few months are ready to raise families of their own. Delicately, intricately, they fashion webs of beauty, and once more the cycle of life goes forward.

If "art is skill in doing or making," can we deny the mysterious skill of this tiny creature, or the artistry of its work? But it is only by metaphor that we speak of the art of the spider; the spider having no mind, cannot use deliberate skill. The skill of the spider is directly dependent upon the mind of God. The art of the spider is the art of God.

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THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH ST.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

How Humane This War?

Barbed lances forbidden

By ROBERT L. GRIMES

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

How far in the present war will man go in his efforts to exterminate the enemy? In early wars territories were commonly devastated, homes razed and towns burned. Records tell of tongues being torn out, eyes gouged, hands cut off, captives seated on stakes, and the destruction of life and property made diabolically thorough.

With the slow passing of the centuries, a gradual improvement in the effectiveness of the weapons with which men insisted on killing each other took place. Bows and arrows were larger, with a consequent increase in range, power and accuracy. These in time were supplemented and replaced by the crossbow, which in turn gave way to firearms. From the introduction of firearms up to the time of poison gases, the majority of improvements in lethal weapons has centered around explosives.

Despite attempts usually made by the Church, or by nations adversely affected by the adoption of the new weapon, the final test of survival was never its factor of humaneness, but rather its effectiveness. No matter how cruelly it dealt out death, if efficient, it was adopted for general usage.

The crossbow, for instance, was introduced in the 12th century. Its use

was immediately condemned and anathematized by the Lateran Council as a weapon "hateful to God and unfit for Christians." Conrad III of Germany followed suit and absolutely forbade the use of the crossbow under any and all circumstances. Yet the crossbow, because it was effective, persisted and flourished.

Chevalier Bayard of Terrail, known as the "man without fear," stated that the employment of firearms in warfare was most surely beneath the honor of any gentleman. In the case of this particular weapon, it was apparently not felt that a leaden ball was preferable to a 36-inch arrow through the midriff; at any rate, Bayard persisted in his one-man campaign of reform, and decreed death to any soldier found using an arquebus.

For years thereafter, Bayard systematically executed all musketeers who fell into his power. But in 1524, in the Battle of Gattinara, Bayard of Terrail, the most gallant figure ever to condemn the gunpowder which for five centuries has been a curse to man, fell mortally wounded by an arquebus ball.

In the years following Bayard's death, men debated bitterly upon whether it was more cruel to besiege and starve out a city than to bombard

*386 4th Ave., New York City. June 19, 1940.

it. With a peculiar conservatism, the most influential thinkers of the times rejected bombardment, and favored the traditional method of starvation as being more humane.

The records show no further proof of man's conscience as regards the weapons permissible in warfare until comparatively modern times. In 1868, the proponents of the St. Petersburg conference advanced what was then a somewhat novel principle: that the illegality of a weapon might be measured by the amount of unnecessary suffering it inflicts. Using this principle for guidance, the St. Petersburg conference formulated the first international act in the history of the world designed to restrict the instruments of warfare. The use of projectiles weighing less than 400 grams (14 ounces) which might contain explosive or inflammable or incendiary materials was prohibited.

It is ironic that the conference of 1868 thus contained within itself the seeds of both life and death to the hope for humane warfare. *Per se*, the conference was a beginning from which additional worth-while progress was to be expected. Yet in refusing to face the very simple problem of why it should be considered more humane to kill a soldier with a 10-pound explosive shell than with a 10-ounce explosive bullet, the conference also set a precedent in timidity which successive conferences have without fail imitated.

In 1899 the Hague conference was

called at the instance of Russia. Observers expected a logical advancement of the St. Petersburg principles. In brief, declarations were voted prohibiting: the use of projectiles and explosives launched from aerostats or other new, analogous means; the employment of projectiles containing asphyxiating or deleterious gases; the use of explosive bullets.

The Russians, as well as some of the smaller countries, were anxious to make the limitations more inclusive than the above. However, Germany at the time was engaged upon an expanding armament program; diplomacy became a handmaiden to the war lords: the conference of '99 ended in disappointment. All proposals, in any and all conferences, to limit or exclude the use of gunpowder in warfare were scornfully laughed into oblivion.

In 1906, Russia again advanced a proposal that the sizes of rifles and naval guns be limited for a stated length of time. (Probably her land artillery was in good shape!) Nothing came of these proposals.

In 1907, a second Hague conference was called. This conference is noteworthy for having made the first concession to realism, in that the attempt to prohibit certain weapons definitely shifted to an attempt to regulate all weapons. It was also at this conference that the first broad general definition of inhumane warfare was attempted: Land warfare should prohibit the em-

ployment of arms, projectiles or materials of a nature to cause superfluous suffering. This term, *superfluous suffering*, caught the popular fancy the world over.

We may now say the net result was really a confirmation of the use of high explosive shells, shrapnel, torpedoes and mines as legitimate weapons of war. Prohibited were injurious gases, which no one knew how to use; explosive bullets, which were inefficient; and the use of free balloons for launching projectiles, which were also adjudged inefficient. In addition, the following weapons, of no value to any belligerent, were sanctimoniously outlawed: lances with barbed heads, irregular-shaped or whittled bullets; projectiles filled with ground glass; and poisonous substances on bullet noses.

Following the holocaust of the World War, the Washington conference condemned certain methods of warfare as barbarous (gas, etc.), but succeeded in accomplishing little.

And so the record of man's cruelty to man from the earliest times is shown to be one of utilitarianism, nothing more. Limitations of arms which conform to military utility are accepted; but if a weapon fills an important need in any nation's scheme of offense or defense, the attempt at prohibition or limitation fails. For example, in 1856, the U. S. refused to sign a pact abolishing privateering. At that time our navy was weak, and the priv-

vateer was traditionally considered an efficient auxiliary naval unit. Torpedoes and submarines have long been favored by small states because of their comparative cheapness.

Weapons which are obsolete, or which do superfluous injury while failing to place one state at a disadvantage, are successfully limited or prohibited. For example, the English employed dumddum bullets against inferior native troops in the Transvaal and Orange campaigns of 1902. Today they do not use them because of the fear of reprisal by a well-supplied enemy. In 1915 the Germans did not hesitate to use mustard gas, principally because their enemies could not retaliate. In the attack upon Abyssinia, Italy employed substantial quantities of gas. But in the late civil war in Spain, little or no gas was used, because a bountiful supply was available to each side.

From these inconsistencies, we can only infer that if one state to the exclusion of others possesses a lethal weapon, it will use that weapon regardless of how inhuman its effects. Once the weapon becomes available to the opposition, however, both sides are willing to discuss prohibition or limitation.

The element of *controllability* likewise leads to some restrictions, but this is merely another word for utility. The poisoning of wells and streams has long been abandoned, principally be-

cause the results were often as damaging to the perpetrators as they were to the enemy.

It is true, the "total war" has not yet been fought. Whether it will ever be waged depends upon how evenly matched are the opponents. The term *total war* indicates the use of *all* possible weapons against *all* the possessions and people of the opposing nation. This is at first difficult to com-

prehend, but may be illustrated by contrasts: in the old days an army marched into a country and set siege to one fortified city. Today an entire nation is besieged.

The term *total war*, is, of course, relative. The total war of today would not be as completely total as one of tomorrow, wherein a fuller use of chemicals, microbe cultures, death rays, etc., is indicated.



Department Department

Silent prayers can be none the less fervent when said silently. Even though the condition for an indulgence prescribes vocal prayer, it is only necessary to move the lips, without sound. When prayers are *sp-sp-sp-sp'd*, it is very distracting to others. Even worse is it when the lisping of those attention-attracting suppliant rises to the pitch of a whistle.

It may be the heat or it may be the humidity that drives you to distraction. Dress as comfortably as you can for Mass, but always remember to dress decently. You never saw the priest read Mass with his chasuble off, did you, even though the pavements outside were sizzling and thermometers exploding like popcorn.

It goes without saying that Catholics should always treat their priests with becoming respect, which close acquaintance does not preclude. But they should also know how to conduct themselves in the presence of higher members of the hierarchy. When meeting a bishop or archbishop, you should kiss his ring. If he is your own Ordinary, you kneel as you do it. If he is not, you don't; you just take his hand, and bend your head to kiss the ring.

Marriage is a contract, certainly. But not for that reason does the Church insist on the indissolubility of marriage. Contracts can be broken, and justly. Rather, it is because marriage is a relationship, and you can tell your objectors so. If you dislike your sister, she's still your sister. Even if she persists in wearing and ruining your choicest gowns, she's still related to you.

Dad may be confined to bed or a wheel chair. Perhaps he has to take medicine every hour. But don't through ignorance, deprive him therefore of the consolation of Holy Communion. Consult your pastor. He will tell you that if dad has been sick a month without hope of a quick convalescence, he has the privilege of receiving, even though he has broken his fast by taking medicine or liquid nourishment.

[Readers are requested to report instances of bad department.—Editor.]

Atheists in Our Universities

Who is old-fashioned

By MSGR. HUMPHREY MOYNIHAN

Condensed from the *Torchbearer**

In July, 1939, visiting the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, I was assured by members of these vast institutions that professors of English universities do not assail the religion of their students. Narrating the abominable fact that in several American universities atheistic professors attack the religion of their class members, I was assured that English professors are gentlemen and that gentlemen do not rob students of their religious convictions. I was also assured that the vast majority of professors in England believe in God. Fellows of the Royal Society in England, 200 in number, constitute the most distinguished professional organization in the world. In 1933 a series of essential questions was submitted to them. In reply only six denied that evolution is compatible with belief in a Creator, and only seven denied freedom of the will. Thirteen denied the existence of a spiritual domain, while 27 of the 200 asserted that "*science* negatives the idea of a personal God as taught by Jesus Christ."

In *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1934, an American professor, James H. Leuba, professor of psychology in Bryn Mawr College, published an article entitled *Beliefs of American Scientists* in

which he laboriously strove to convince his readers that the majority of American professors do not believe in the existence of God or in the immortality of the soul. He recorded that in reply to the question concerning the existence of God, 47% of physicists, 60% of biologists, 67% of sociologists and 79% of psychologists declared they did not believe in God.

Leuba, in his anxiety to show that the leading American minds are atheistic, expressed his opinion that Prof. Robert A. Millikan, America's most distinguished physicist, does not really believe in God. Strange that Professor Millikan's belief in God should be so stupidly misrepresented, for his words are well known: "The obvious fact is that everyone who reflects at all believes in one way or another in God. I think that you will not misunderstand me when I say that I have never known a thinking man who does not believe in God."

In 1922 Professor Millikan published the names of the dozen outstanding scientists in America, showing that by far most of them bore emphatic testimony to their own fundamental religious convictions.

Why do so many American professors attack the religion of their stu-

*Traffic Station Box 51, Minneapolis, Minn. July 9, 1940.

dents? The answer naturally is that in their ignorance they are still clinging to a materialism which, of late years, has been so largely rejected by intelligent scientists.

In 1929 Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington, England's most famous scientist, published a book entitled *The Nature of the Physical World*, a book which, the *London Times* declared, brought into existence more literature than any volume since the evolution year of 1859. The last chapter of Dr. Eddington's marvelous book is a religious chapter, *Reality and Mysticism*, in which the author wrote: "Reality seems to concern religious beliefs much more than any others." Well known are Dr. Eddington's words: "The 19th-century physicist felt that he knew just what he was dealing with when he used such terms as *matter* and *atoms*. Now we see that physics has nothing to say as to the inscrutable nature of the atom." It is no wonder he maintains that the only thing whose nature we really understand is our mind. It is deplorable that our atheists do not keep in touch with the really profound thought of our day.

The most contemptible materialistic theory common in the U. S. is behaviorism, launched by Dr. John B. Watson, formerly professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins University. He declared that there are no such things as soul, consciousness, free will, morality, religion, responsibility or self-control,

no capability of choosing between good and evil. Behaviorism explains all human activities by stimulus and response. It treats all religion as mere illusion and superstition. Watson wrote that within 50 years marriage will have ceased to be an American institution.

Students who have never studied psychology hear behaviorists declaring "you have no soul," "there is no essential difference between the mind of man and the mind of the rat," "free love is the law of life."

Dr. William McDougall, the eminent psychologist who died some months ago, had nothing but disgust for behaviorism. In an article entitled *The General Principles of Behaviorism*, he mourned over the ruin "of the minds of hundreds of thousands of innocent school teachers and students. Never before the present century has sheer dogmatic materialism been propagated by a vast system of public instruction and by universities of the highest prestige, counting their students by tens of thousands."

Behaviorism is "a preposterously silly system," says Dr. C. D. Broad, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In England behaviorism is largely regarded as "on a par with prohibition, bootlegging, and racketeering."

The Freudian system of psychology, a form of psychoanalysis, is much more complicated than behaviorism and no less perilous to the religion of many of our university students. Freud,

the atheist, maintained that unconsciousness is our real personality. Sexuality, he assured us, is the nucleus of unconsciousness, the main motive of human conduct. Several other forms of psychoanalysis are less repulsive than that fostered by Freud.

Dr. William McDougall, in his 16th book, *Psychoanalysis and Social Psychology*, analyzed Freudianism with his usual clarity. In the closing chapter of his volume he wrote: "The Freudian teaching has had and is still exercising most destructive effects throughout our western civilization, destructive of the happiness of a multitude of individuals and of the moral traditions of society. Practically, Freud's teaching, filtered and distorted in many ways, works upon the multitude as a precept against all restraint in sex matters." His closing paragraph reminds us of a second deduction of Freudianism: "that all restraint, inhibition, self-control involves repression, and all repression is bad; therefore never restrain your impulses, never check your children, and be sure to send them to school where they will be allowed to do exactly as and when they please."

Among the repulsive absurdities thrust upon us by atheists is the theory that there is no such thing as freedom of the will. Man realizes that he is master of his activities. He is conscious of his power of choosing and of his responsibility. He pauses and deliberates before he acts. Who is there who

does not feel bound to choose between right and wrong? If we are not free agents, no action is possible except the action that takes place. Human language, it is intelligently pointed out, bears its testimony to freedom of the will in such noble words as duty, right, wrong, responsibility, retribution, law, justice, good, evil, truth, falsehood, honesty, virtue, sensuality, obedience, obligation, ought, self-control, self-denial. The whole meaning of morality disappears if freedom of the will is proved to be an illusion.

Sir James Jeans (*The Mysterious Universe*, p. 29) declares that "science has no longer any unanswerable arguments to bring against our innate conviction of free will." The famous philosopher, Locke, wrote: "I cannot have a clearer perception of anything than that I am free."

Strange as it may sound, there are some professors in our universities who would abolish the punishment of criminals on the ground that criminals cannot avoid doing what they do. Atheists should remember Shakespeare's words:

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in its tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

The truly illustrious professors of the world have nothing but profound contempt for the materialism thrust upon students of our universities by some

professors of physics, chemistry, biology and psychology. The names and statements of the really great professors bring home to us the contemptible teaching of our numerous materialists. Dr. McDougall wrote: "If materialism is true, human life, fundamentally and generally speaking, is not worth living; and men and women who believe materialism to be true will not in the long run think themselves justified in calling to life new individuals to meet the inevitable pains and sorrows and labors of life and the risk of many things worse than death." Slashing Bertrand Russell's denial of freedom of the will, Dr. McDougall points out that Russell contradicts his teaching that every human event is determined, because it appears "as a social and moral reformer, advocating nudism, free love, and the general principle of doing as you please."

Sir Arthur S. Eddington reminds us that "physics can give no answer to the question: how is it that a certain class of atoms constituting the human brain is endowed with consciousness and the power to think? The only subject presented to me is the content of my own consciousness."

Jeans agrees with Eddington in declaring that, so far as we have yet gone in our probing of the material universe, we find no evidence in favor of materialism. Prof. John Fiske, author of *Through Nature to God* and various other volumes, declared: "Of all real-

ities the soul is the most solid, sound and undeniable."

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborne, called by the Royal Society of London "one of the most distinguished paleontologists of our time," declared that science is turning forward and maintaining there is something outside matter. (*Survey of Fifty Years of Science.*)

Prof. Robert A. Millikan wrote: "Science without religion obviously became a curse rather than a blessing to mankind, but *science dominated by the spirit of religion* is the key to progress and the hope of the future."

Professor Jones, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his presidential address for 1931 declared that materialism has practically disappeared. He added: "While the pillar thinkers of the world have seen and announced the bankruptcy of materialism there are hosts of lesser men who go on retailing materialistic theories to their students and leaving them stranded on the windy waste of speculation."

A fact of immense interest and importance is this: the really great minds of the world believe in God. A few examples of this tremendous fact will be all the more interesting because President Dwight of Yale University said to the well-known William Lyon Phelps, "It has always been my experience that those teachers who are religious never mention it in the classroom, whereas those who are antagonistic to

religion are always talking about it to the students."

Sir John Arthur Thompson, famous zoologist and biologist, professor of natural history in the University of Aberdeen, wrote these sentences: "One of the great services of science to man has been to lead him to a nobler view of God. The universe is a world of spirit or mind in which the activity of God is everywhere and always being revealed. There is a supreme purposeful Being, transcendent of the world, in whom every purposive happening has its origin."

George Herbert Palmer: "Without presupposition of God science is fragmentary and baseless. He is the antecedent condition of all being, the unitary ground of existence."

William Thompson, Lord Kelvin, one of England's most famous professors, wrote: "Science positively affirms creative power. We know God in His works. We are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a directive power, in an influence other than physical or dynamical or electrical forces. If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God which is the foundation of all religion."

Dr. Alfred North Whitehead, professor of philosophy at Harvard University: "Without religion nothing is really worth doing. It is hard to distract our minds from the deadly boredom of living a life that has lost its

meaning because we have lost our faith."

The well-known Michael I. Pupin, famous physicist and inventor: "The best men in England are very anxious to establish harmony between scientific and religious thought. This harmony has always existed, and in my humble opinion always will exist."

Prof. John Scott Haldane, distinguished physiologist and biologist of the University of Birmingham: "The only real world is the spiritual world, the only real values, spiritual values. The universe is a world of spirit or mind in which the activity of God is everywhere and always being revealed."

In 1927 Frank D. Adams, member of the Research Council of Canada, and for several years geologist at McGill University, said that if he were asked to name scientists of Canada who are opposed or hostile to Christianity, he would be hard put to it to name two or three in all.

In France in the present generation 50 of the leading scientists said almost unanimously that "far from affirming the absolute validity of scientific conclusions they realize how little they know, nor did they maintain any incompatibility between science and the idea of a personal God."

Needless to say, a host of convincing quotations could be added to the few presented in this brief defense of truth. The profound thinkers of the world are decidedly in favor of belief in God.

Gregorian Chant and the Liturgy

By PIETRO YON

Worthy of the temple

Condensed from the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review**

For centuries, congregations took part in the singing of the Ordinary parts of the Mass, whereas the Proper was sung by trained singers and the verses by celebrated soloists. It is obvious that the music possesses a distinct importance as a vehicle for the words, so that musical settings play a prominent role in high Mass, with the chant as the basic element underlying the complete structure of the musical service. When we speak of chant, we mean Gregorian chant which was definitely proclaimed the official musical language of the Church through the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X, Nov. 22, 1903.

Prior to this date, other papal documents on sacred music had been issued. Among the earliest was the *Constitution* of Pope John XXII (1324-25), which directs that "in singing the Offices of divine praise we must be careful to avoid doing violence to the words, and must sing with modesty and gravity melodies of a calm and peaceful character." The Council of Trent (1545) decreed: "The bishops and ordinaries must prevent the use in church of any music which has a sensuous or impure character."

Similar documents, showing the trend against music of a light or unchurchly character, are in existence, all

of which led to the issuance of the *Motu Proprio on Sacred Music* by Pope Pius X. This decree covers every essential point relative to music and the duties of organists and choir singers. The various sections treat of the different kinds of sacred compositions, particularly the chant. "Sacred music," it proclaims, "should possess in the highest degree the qualities proper to the liturgy and, in particular, sanctity and excellence of form, which will produce the final quality of universality. Gregorian chant has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music, so that it is fully legitimate to lay down the following rule: the more closely a composition approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor to the Gregorian chant form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy is it of the temple of God."

The chant fulfills its object by interpreting vocally the texts in accordance with the thoughts of the Church. It must be subordinate to the liturgical offices, yet exactly suit them. The melodies must be a part of the whole tone picture, never independent or personal. Its function is to voice joy and gratitude and other religious sentiments

* 53 Park Pl., New York City. June, 1940.

with clearness and purity of style. The thoughts, so musically proclaimed, must emanate from the liturgy and be devoid of human emotionalism. Prayer and song constitute an important part of the liturgical service, and the choir becomes the medium through which the Church voices her prayer.

Of all the music available, Gregorian chant is the most suitable for ecclesiastical use, because this form possesses the three essential characteristics of sacred music, holiness, fitness, and universality. Moreover, chant is not subject to change in popular taste and habits, nor to the fluctuations of musical art. Singers enjoy a semi-priestly office; and as the office of priest is not open to women, female voices should never be heard in church choirs, except in convents and girls' schools.

Chants vary at every service, as prescribed in the *Liber Usualis*. They are easy to read and easy to learn, even in the original notation of four-line staff, with their square and diamond-shaped notes. They are, however, difficult to interpret and render with artistic finish and religious feeling. Chants are divided into three groups: syllabic, florid, and psalmodic. The melodic phrases of the Ordinary parts of the Mass are mainly syllabic, one to three notes being generally assigned to each syllable. The Proper of the Mass affords opportunity for a pronounced florid style, which gave rise to great vocal display. The psalmodic form con-

sists merely in reciting the Psalms in one simple Gregorian melody, each verse being repeated to the designated tune.

Naturally upon the musical director (who is usually both organist and choirmaster) falls the responsibility of providing good musical performances. He may prepare a service entirely in Gregorian chant, or of unaccompanied part singing (in the style of Palestrina), or of modern compositions with or without organ accompaniment. Of these ways, the Church prefers and recommends all-Gregorian but, to lend variety to the renditions and because of the intrinsic values of polyphonic music, the last two ways are also approved. As an example, I would suggest a program along the following lines:

(1) Proper of the Mass in Gregorian chant. If at times this is a little too long, it may be recited in part or sung in Psalm form.

(2) Responses by choir, or congregation. It may be difficult at first to induce a congregation to participate, but in some places bishops have been most successful in securing such co-operation. Congregational singing cannot be attained overnight; it is a tradition, and thus must be thoughtfully prepared and carefully cultivated. The correct way to establish this tradition is to have children trained at school, for what they learn at an early age becomes a permanent possession.

(3) Ordinary parts of Mass in polyphonic or modern music. The presentation of different styles may avoid possible monotony.

All music used in church services must have the approval of the Church music committee of the diocese wherein performed, which in turn must tolerate no music contrary to the regulations set forth in the *Motu Proprio*. For example, the White List prepared by the Society of St. Gregory of America gives the names of musical compositions approved and also of those disapproved by that organization. It is interesting to note that among the latter are included Masses by certain composers of church music, all songs in English, operatic arrangements and selections such as the Lohengrin and Mendelssohn wedding marches. In addition, many hymn books and choir books are banned. The society states that these compositions have no place

in church, not because of lack in musical value, but because of their liturgical unfitness. Certain exceptions, however, are always possible when approved by the individual diocese.

To prepare a musical service, including both choir and congregation, entails a considerable amount of work and knowledge on the part of the choir director with the collaboration and support of both congregation and church authorities. To perform satisfactorily all his duties is not easy, for his office is one of the most exacting of all professions.

After nearly 2,000 years, the Gregorian chant is as beautiful today as ever. All who know it cannot help but like it, for it possesses a charm that modern music lacks. The lovely effects produced by these ancient modes add not only to the spiritual but likewise to the esthetic satisfaction of each and every hearer.

Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most provoking of all forms of stupidity.

Unknown author quoted in *Salve Regina* (May '40).

Education Up To Date

Growled the old-timer across the table from me: "Modern education is a mysterious thing. Time was when we youngsters all walked two to five miles a day to school. Nowadays, the kids are all picked up in a bus and dragged to school. Then we hire a physical education specialist to give them exercise!"

From *Along the Way* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (NCW: 26 July '40).

Mexico's Miracle Hospital

89 years before the Pilgrims

By DR. HARLOW BROOKS

Condensed from *This Week**

South of the Rio Grande stands the Hospital de Jesus Nazareno. This time-scarred building in a shabby *parido* of Mexico City was erected in 1531 by Cortez, a man known to most of us as a cruel conqueror. For 403 years the doors of this hospital have never been closed to the poor and suffering, and exactly four centuries ago, according to legend, the humble patients in its beds were gladdened by the sight of a miraculous visitor, the mother of Christ herself. Although the present rulers of Mexico are doing everything possible to stamp out religion and have even decreed the compulsory teaching of atheism and communism in the public schools, this old institution is still run, with government approval, as it was in the beginning, by white-garbed nuns.

It is the first hospital built on American soil. It had been standing on the same spot for 76 years when Captain Smith landed at Jamestown; for 89 years when the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock. Cortez erected it as a refuge for the Indians he had been obliged to subdue, and made its support a perpetual charge upon his estates in both the Old World and the New. At present it is supported by revenues given grudgingly but perforce by the

Italian descendants of the great soldier, who still hold his family lands in Spain. Its location is exactly on the spot where the conqueror first met his chief victim, Montezuma, and for 29 years, from 1794 to 1823, the church which is connected with it sheltered the bones of the great conqueror.

The hospital seems very much at home among the battered but dignified houses which surround it. Most of them are poorly kept up and given over to the uses of small merchants, but occasionally their facades show their ancient and aristocratic origin. All are sturdy buildings which have withstood earthquakes and time, revolution and poverty, retaining through all their dignity and reserve.

In the ancient Mexican atmosphere of the Avenida Pina Suarez, therefore, there is little externally to distinguish *numero 35* from its neighbors; nothing except the modest plaque beside the entrance, which gives the building's name and the date of its founding. The lower story facing on the street is occupied by humble shops where meat, peppers, beans, cloth, shoes, and whatnot are sold. As soon, however, as the visitor passes through the generous portal he is carried back to the dignity, beauty and repose of a period long past.

**New York Herald Tribune*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. Dec. 23, 1934.

Through wrought-iron grille doors which close a great arch he enters a spacious patio in the center of which a spray rises from a Spanish fountain and falls into an ancient sculptured basin. Oleanders, jasmine, begonias, and other tropical plants grow in this lovely spot, interlaced by worn but well kept pathways flagged with tile. On each side of the patio Romanesque archways rise in double tiers and screen sunlit passages, back of which can be seen the doorways and windows opening into the wards and private rooms.

The beauty and strength of the old architecture are everywhere evident and unmarred by the reconstructionist, except where such necessities of an efficient medical institution as electricity and modern plumbing have been installed. Here remain the original pillars and capitals of sculptured stone, the generous arches and the walls four to five feet thick standing like protesting fortresses against the buffetings of history. On the eastern wall one may see, still well preserved, some of the original frescoes, which have been uncovered; elsewhere the stone walls are painted a clean, dull white.

When I went to visit the hospital last summer I found the chief surgeon, an engaging skillful man of 35 or thereabouts, in the main office opening on the patio. He and Dr. Francisco Miranda showed me through. Although about 30 private rooms have been added for those able to pay something for

their care, the Hospital de Jesus Nazareno is still essentially a charity institution for the Indians to whom Cortez gave it.

We saw them well cared for in clean, comfortable beds, in wards which were bright, well aired and quiet. Here, as in the operating rooms and the laboratories, everything was modern and immaculate. The hospital is still under the supervision of a Catholic Sisterhood, but many of those who care for the sick are lay nurses, mostly of Indian birth. All are efficiently trained. There is a house staff of five internes and a visiting staff of eminent physicians and surgeons.

We were shown the long, sunny room, down which, according to legend, the Virgin Mary walked four centuries ago. The event is commemorated in a large picture, painted by an unknown artist but of great artistic merit, which hangs in the chapel. Three years after the hospital was founded an Indian woman was brought there. She was devoted to the service of the Mother of Christ, so what could be more understandable than that the Virgin should come to solace her? One night she appeared, walking slowly down the ward, easily recognizable by the halo surrounding her head. From bed to bed she went, comforting and blessing, and all of the sick to whom she spoke got well. In the painting Mary is shown with the face and hands of an Indian woman. I suspect that even today she

visits these wards, though we may not recognize her.

There have also been, during the more than four centuries during which this hospital has stood, many wounded fighters cared for within its walls, for few generations have not witnessed the clash of arms around this little oasis of real Christianity. Time and time again the wards have been cleared of their peacetime patients to receive soldiers whose bodies have been torn by almost all the weapons of history. Here have lain Indians who fought with bow, arrow and shield; men who had worn armor made in Spain and Italy; men pierced by sword and lance; men shot by crude muskets; men wounded by balls from short range artillery forged in Spain; men mowed down by French and Austrian guns during the reign of Maximilian; men struck, alas, by American rifles, in American hands and in those of their own countrymen during Mexico's many revolutions.

No regular Masses are now permitted in the hospital, but the beautiful little chapel is still open. Physician that I am, and principally interested in the Hospital de Jesus Nazareno because of its purpose and its history, I cannot think of this chapel except with wonder and reverence. It is a small, square room, and was so placed in the building that patients who could not leave their beds might still hear and see Mass through the many windows and galleries.

Though the sculpture is not impressive compared with that in so many of the other churches and convents of Mexico, some of the paintings are excellent, and are evidently the work of masters whose identity is lost in antiquity. Scattered through the rest of the building are many other masterpieces, several supposed to have been by Cabrerra, the Zapotec Indian, who was the first great Mexican painter.

In one corner of what is now the main office of the hospital stands the chair of Cortez, high-backed and displaying his armorial bearings. On the wall just above the chair hangs a life-size half-length portrait of the great geographer and soldier. This is said to be the best extant portrait of him.

Criticize the character of Cortez as we may, we still must admit that he had many fine qualities. He was one of the most personally courageous, resourceful and brilliant of all the great leaders of American history. Even his ruthlessness does not tarnish his reputation as a soldier when we consider it in relation to his time and to the attitude taken by most of his contemporaries toward primitive and subject peoples. When we discover that to his other fine qualities, Cortez added the farsighted humanity which could build and endow in perpetuity this monument to tenderness and pity, we doff our hats in salute to a really great man and a really great institution.

De Smet: Apostle of the Northwest

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

How to win friends

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

No other chapter in our history is quite so dishonorable as that which deals with the American Indian. In exchange for their lands, horses and furs, the whites gave whiskey to the Indians; yet fatal as was the effect of alcohol, its action was too slow to satisfy some lawless frontiersmen. They concluded the revolver was more expeditious than whiskey, and offered \$20 for every Indian scalp. Men killed as a training in marksmanship, and to try their weapons. The Indian population, in one state alone, fell in ten years from 100,000 to 30,000.

To civilize the Indians was the duty of the U. S., for in no other way could the usurpation of Indian territory be justified. If the tribes, living almost exclusively upon the chase, occupied a vast territory not commensurate with the number of inhabitants, and if their right to hold lands the richness of which they could not exploit could be contested, then the whites who seized these lands, in order to exploit them, were bound in justice to recompense the Indians, to instruct them, and to initiate them into the arts of agriculture and trade.

The heroic career of Father de Smet, the apostle of the Northwest, permits us to realize what the Indians might

have become if the U. S. had left to Catholics the task of civilizing them, instead of following the barbarous policy of extermination.

Peter John de Smet, one of 22 children of a prosperous shipbuilder, Joost de Smet, was born in the Belgian town of Termonde on Jan. 30, 1801. From childhood he was endowed with a strong and vigorous constitution. He was hardy, adventurous, of a roving disposition, indifferent to danger, yet of a nature at once affectionate, gentle and generous.

His classmates in the preparatory seminary at Mechlin were of the opinion that he was gifted with sound judgment and would one day be a man of action. When Father Charles Nerinckx, a Jesuit missionary from Kentucky, visited the seminary and described the desperate need of priests to minister to the white and Indian population in the American mission field, young De Smet volunteered to accompany him back to the U. S. Bishop Rosati conferred Holy Orders upon him in the parish church at Florissant, a small village about 17 miles from St. Louis, in 1823. He was first assigned to the Potawatomi mission in Nebraska; and then began, over 100 years ago, the magnificent apostolate among the In-

**Notre Dame, Ind. July 13, 1940.*

dians that was to win him undying fame.

In 1780 the population of the U. S. numbered 3 million; in 1840 it exceeded 17 million. As colonization advanced steadily westward, the Indians retreated across the Missouri. A minority lived on government reservations, but the vast majority continued their roaming life in the forest and desert where the white man had not yet penetrated.

On July 5, 1840, Father de Smet celebrated the first Mass in Wyoming at a rallying point of the fur traders, near Green River, where the congregation also included Flathead Indians. On his second journey to the Rocky Mountains he established St. Mary's mission in Montana and informed his superiors of his ambition to surpass even the celebrated *Reductions* of Paraguay which Spanish Jesuits had founded at the beginning of the 17th century.

Leaving other priests in charge of this mission, Father de Smet next visited the Indian tribes in Kansas, Utah and Idaho. In 1844 he established a mission in the Willamette valley in Oregon and then journeyed north through Washington and founded the mission of St. Paul at Fort Colville. Four years later he was laboring among the tribes of South Dakota and ultimately succeeded in reaching the Mandan and Gros Ventres tribes of North Dakota. Father de Smet's name is thus intimately associated with the early

pioneer history of nine states in the Northwest.

He shared in every way the wandering life of the Indians, living on roots and what game could be found. He made numerous trips to Europe where he succeeded in enlisting 100 young men for the American mission field and collected approximately \$200,000. Shortly before his death he estimated that, during 50 years of missionary activity, he had traveled 261,000 miles: nearly nine times the distance around the earth.

"Certainly," he remarked, "the life of a missionary has its trials and dangers; yet, however great these may be, he guards the serenity of his soul by centering his mind upon God. The desert is immense and the journey across it monotonous. The howling of wolves, the grunting of the bear, the screams of the wildcat and panther are heard, but only in the distance, for these wild beasts flee at the sight of man. Providence has provided admirably for the needs of those who inhabit the wilderness; buffalo, deer, gazelle, roebuck, bighorn, and elk roam here in thousands. Yet a fast of a day or two (I speak from experience) gives zest to appetite. Should a storm keep one awake, one sleeps better the following night. The sight of the enemy lying in wait to take one's life teaches more confidence in God; teaches one to pray well, and to keep his account with God in order; but an abiding and grateful

joy succeeds these disquieting moments, and I hope yet to learn what it is to suffer for the sweet name of Jesus."

Whenever possible he established permanent villages, taught the Indians agricultural methods, and secured provisions for the colonies until they became self-supporting. Teaching the tribes their prayers, he would assemble the Indians, ranging the children in a circle, with instructions to keep the same places at every reunion. Then each one was made to learn a phrase of the prayer by heart. Two children repeated the Hail Mary, seven the Our Father, ten the Commandments, and 12 the Apostles' Creed. After repeating to each child his particular phrase until he knew it by heart, Father de Smet then made his pupils recite the phrases each in turn. This made a continued prayer, to which the tribe listened night and morning. After a few days one of the chiefs knew all the prayers by heart, and from that time he recited them for the tribe.

The influence of Father de Smet over the Indians was extraordinary. They came from great distances to have him baptize their children. Many followed him for whole days listening to his instruction. They invited him to their campfires, smoked the calumet with him, and stood guard outside his tent during the night. From the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean he was known as "the white man whose tongue does not lie."

When gold was discovered in the West, pagan and Christian tribes were harried from their lands and villages. The Indians struggled against the invasion of their territory. First in California and then in lower Oregon they attempted terrible reprisals. In an endeavor to establish peace the government offered to buy land, settle the tribes on it, and grant them protection. The Indians, often deceived, refused to believe in the good faith of the whites. Christian Indians who refused to take up arms were taunted.

When three American soldiers were killed in the vicinity of Fort Colville, the government ordered General Harney to put an end to this condition. Knowing Father de Smet's influence over the Indians, this officer asked to have the missionary appointed chaplain to his troops. With the consent of his superiors, Father de Smet joined the army in that capacity and labored unceasingly to restore peace, believing that only in this way could the missions be saved. He encountered great opposition from the pagan tribes, but his uprightness and kindness so moved the Indians that he succeeded in modifying their hostile attitude. During 1859 he covered about 15,000 miles.

When the Civil War began, the Sioux judged the moment propitious to destroy rapidly increasing white colonies in the West. England supported their cause, and sent them arms through half-breed Canadians living on

the border. In three days the Sioux slew nearly 1,000 victims and destroyed property valued at \$2 million. When Generals Sibley and Sully failed to subdue the Sioux, the government again appealed to Father de Smet. While his first mission to the Sioux failed, it is a high tribute to his courage that he crossed the Missouri alone to hold a peace conference with 3,000 pagan warriors.

After his return from his 7th voyage to Europe, he was informed that soldiers and colonists unceasingly exasperated the Indians and that the Cheyennes and the Blackfeet had combined with the Sioux in resisting their oppressors. Again acting as mediator, Father de Smet visited the tribes in Missouri. The Indians never wavered in their loyalty to him nor did they think he could ever betray their cause.

Having secured peace promises from these tribes, Father de Smet crossed the Bad Lands in search of Sitting Bull, the most formidable of all the Indian leaders. In the valley of the Yellowstone, near Powder River, he was received by this fierce chief.

"Black Robe," Sitting Bull declared, "I hardly sustain myself beneath the weight of white men's blood I have shed. The whites provoked the war; their injustices, their indignities to our

families, the unbelievably cruel and wholly unprovoked massacre at Fort Lyon of 600 or 700 women, children, and old men, shook all the veins which bind and support me. I rose, tomahawk in hand, and I have done all the hurt to the whites that I could. Today thou art among us, and in thy presence my hands fall to the ground as if dead. I will listen to thy good words, and as bad as I have been to the whites, just so good am I ready to become toward them."

Sitting Bull consented to take part in a great peace council at Fort Rice. Fifty thousand Indians were represented and a treaty was signed with government representatives.

The government subsequently manifested its gratitude to Father de Smet in singular fashion. Contrary to promises contained in President Grant's Indian Peace Policy, 80,000 Catholic Indians living on government reservations were torn from their missionaries and handed over to Protestant preachers and agents. Father de Smet's protests received no consideration in Washington; but until his death in St. Louis, on May 23, 1873, he did not cease to labor for his beloved Indians. It is regrettable that our government did not cooperate more generously with Father de Smet's doctrine of justice.

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We're building up our defense now so that we can see America last.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Oklahoma City Southwest Courier* (20 July '40).

"Mrs. Sanger Wins"

A compilation

Meddler with nature

Condensed from the *Rock**

In the U. S. there has been a "Confucius Says . . ." craze, and many amazing fragments of popular wisdom have been attributed to the sage. Now in many of the papers a new vogue has started; paragraphs from speeches and reports showing the consequence of birth control are picked out and headed "Mrs. Sanger Wins." The nature of the victory may be gauged from the following specimens:

(1) Because of New York City's declining birth rate, opportunities for obtaining teaching positions in the elementary schools have been eliminated almost entirely, Dr. Harold G. Campbell, superintendent of schools, declared in an address over Station WNYC on the New York University *Diplomas and Jobs* series.

(2) U. S. Government reports show that there are in the U. S. 2,000,000 fewer babies than there were in 1930. And the birth rate is falling at that steady and appalling rate.

May we again congratulate the good lady on her rapid elimination of our race?

(3) A young newspaper woman went recently to a party given by some of the staff of her paper. Among the reporters was the mother of a five-year-old little girl. The girl forsook her

mother and climbed up into a young woman's lap, and then suddenly out of a clear sky she said with all the seriousness of a little child:

"You know, I keep begging my mother for a baby sister all the time. And the only thing mother says is, 'Hell, no!' Why do you suppose mother won't let me have a baby sister?"

(4) Twice during the past month our visitors (to London) have met with harassed mothers seeking better accommodation for their families. In both cases there were only three children and in both cases the same story was told in practically identical words. It was that after interviews with the agents of private landlords in Central London, the mothers went away feeling ashamed and humiliated as if they had been guilty of disgraceful conduct in having so large a family as three children. They said that no landlord would consider renting to such a family.

(5) Recently a representative from Michigan quoted the following words of a Washington correspondent: "You will not be troubled very much longer with building elementary schools in this nation, except to replace those that become obsolete. You will need fewer doctors interested in children than are

*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. June, 1940.

required today, fewer teachers, fewer nursemaids, less clothing. It is your No. 1 problem, and do not have any doubt about it. The absent child of today is the missing but necessary adult of tomorrow."

(6) Today business is faced with the necessity of redirecting its efforts to cater to an older market. Changing conditions will affect the milk and recreational supply businesses, clothing, food, houses, home furnishings, real estate, publications, education and government. The economic order will go through complete readjustment as America gets older. Improved production methods will face, not an expanding market, but a dwindling one.

(7) A young mother of 24 said: "I didn't think I was really a woman until I had my first baby, and I like babies. But some of the women around here have been telling me I'm foolish."

(8) If the present rate were to continue, all birth would be controlled out

of existence in 1961. Of course, the present rate of decline will not be constant. There will always be a few old-fashioned people who want to keep at least one baby for the dog to play with, but by 1961 we shall be a dying nation.

(9) The birth rate of Indians in the U. S. is increasing while the white man's is decreasing. In Utah alone the Indian birth rate is three times the national average. The Utes and Piutes show a birth rate of 55.4 per 1,000. The national average is 16.7 per 1,000. No more can the Indian be called the Vanishing American.

Easter will not fall on March 24 again until the year 2391 A. D. When the sun rises on Easter morn, 2391 A. D., will it shine once more on an America populated exclusively by red men? Will the Indian fathers be telling their children of a vanished white race that once inhabited the land? Will they call the white man the Vanished American?



Dubiety's End

St. Francis de Sales, that gentle, polite saint, had been bothered a lot by a Calvinistic lady who wanted to be a Catholic but had a new doubt every day which she had to share with the bishop. At last she had only one doubt left: the celibacy of the clergy. And St. Francis told her that it freed a man of other ties so he could better serve his people: "For instance, madame, you will readily understand that if I had a wife and children to take care of, I should be unable to talk with you so often about your religious difficulties."

Katherine Burton in the *Sign* quoted in the *Cross* (July '40).

Inventor of the Stethoscope

By THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

He saw children playing

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

The slightly-built doctor who presided over the Necker Hospital in Paris was strolling through the gardens of the Louvre one bright afternoon, engrossed in a problem of professional etiquette. His specialization in tuberculosis had brought to a head his dissatisfaction with current methods of auscultation, the sounding of the chest for diagnostic purposes. In too many cases, the chief result of that technique was the embarrassment of the patient. So his thoughts ran as he wandered along the paths bordering the playground and stopped to watch the shouting youngsters at the seesaws. But one group was strangely still and caught his casual attention. Instead of straddling the planks, two boys had taken positions at either end and, while one held his ear intently on the wood, the other scratched and tapped out codes which were carried along the board and greeted with delight by the listener.

Suddenly the amusing scene broke through the doctor's preoccupation, and he started with excitement. Back at the hospital, he amazed an assistant by backing him against a wall while he rolled a magazine and wound a string about it. Then, placing the crude cylinder against the man's chest, the doc-

tor put his ear to the other end and listened. When he straightened up, after a tense silence on the part of his curious assistant, the stethoscope had taken its vital place among the common instruments of physicians.

Today every doctor uses the stethoscope, but René Laennec was thought slightly mad when he invented it in the early part of the 19th century. In our day, when the ethics of medicine have too often been lowered by the popular decline of modesty, it is a provocative thought that an instrument of the utmost importance was conceived for reasons of modesty. And Laennec's method of mediate auscultation justified itself overwhelmingly in the purely medical field, enabling its originator to expound the very alphabet of thoracic diseases and win from a modern non-Catholic biographer the title of "greatest of all physicians."

René Théophile Hyacinthe Laennec held steadfastly to the Catholic faith when all about him were souls undermined by secularism and scientific materialism. It is appropriate that the monument which was erected to his memory by all the physicians of France should stand near the cathedral at Quimper, Brittany, where he was born in 1781. Laennec lived through an age

*515 E. Fordham Road, New York City. August, 1940.

of powerful men who turned their warped genius to destruction in revolution and war, and, in the comparative obscurity of the clinic, he matched their destructiveness with a boundless and religiously inspired love of humanity and the peaceful life.

From the beginning, two forces struggled for Laennec's intellect. His mother died early and his father, who had compromised his legal practice by dallying with literature, determined upon engineering as his son's vocation. But René's uncle, already a well-known physician, was bent on making him a doctor. Before he was 15, the Revolution broke in all its fury and, during a stay at Nantes, René watched the dread tumbrels pass and heads fall at the guillotine. When a typhus epidemic seized the chaotic city, the youth helped his uncle by preparing bandages and dressings. Engineering was promptly forgotten, and in 1795 he began the study of medicine.

At 18, after a period of military service, he was a pupil under Corvissart, the physician to Napoleon and father of French clinical medicine. He celebrated his 21st year by writing a remarkable treatise on peritonitis. In the next year he took government prizes in medicine and surgery, even though he had not specialized in the latter, and was elected to the first medical society in France. His fame as an anatomist and clinician was enhanced by his discovery, in 1804, that phthisis, which

had been confused with at least 20 other diseases, was simply tuberculosis of the lungs. It was then that his famous contemporary, Halle, predicted that Laennec would be the first physician of Europe before he was 40 years old.

As editor of the *Journal de Médecine*, he espoused progress and detested faddism, and it was his keen, logical mind that demolished the pseudo science of phrenology. To intelligence he added conscientious method and was an inspirational physician, spending himself on behalf of his patients. It is recorded that he stayed 40 nights with one patient. It is hardly to be wondered at that his own health, impaired by attacks of asthma and affected by an accidental infection by the tubercle bacillus, should suffer. His invention of the stethoscope made little change in his financial position, which was never secure and which eventually called him out of an enforced retirement to his beloved Brittany in 1821. In 1846, the great physician, Thomas Addison, wrote: "Were I to affirm that Laennec contributed more towards the advancement of the medical art than any other single individual, either of ancient or modern times, I should probably be advancing a proposition which in the estimation of many is neither extravagant nor unjust. His work, *De l'Auscultation Médiate*, will ever remain a monument of genius, industry, modesty and truth."

Laennec was called to a professorship at the *College de France* in 1824, the year of his belated marriage, and raised to the Academy of Medicine and the Legion of Honor. But illness continued to stalk him, and he retired for the last time to Brittany. While he was riding to his retreat in the company of his wife on a late May afternoon, the coach was overturned and the occupants tumbled into the ditch. The enfeebled Laennec picked himself up and, assuring himself that no one was injured, turned to his wife and said, "Well, we were at the third decade." They returned to the Rosary they had been reciting and the journey continued.

To his father, Laennec wrote in his last illness: "It seems to me that I desire more to appear before God at this moment than at any other." And to the end his piety enabled him to keep

up a scientific curiosity in his own malady which would have been unthinkable in a man who feared death and eternity. He often regretted that he could not use the baton-like stethoscope of his own invention on himself, and he recorded his condition in Latin notes. He died Aug. 13, 1826, the greatest name in tuberculosis before Koch, and a victim of that very disease.

Laennec lived and died devoutly, and left the medical world enormously in his debt. Dr. Austin Flint sums up: "Laennec's life affords a striking instance, among others, disproving the vulgar error that the pursuit of science is unfavorable to religious faith." Indeed, had Laennec not been sensitive to the promptings of virtue, who knows how long the new world of medicine opened by the stethoscope would have lain undiscovered?



Figures of Phantasy

Goggle-eyed with brainlessness.—*Kenneth Roberts.*

Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your way.

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.—*Brander Matthews.*

His mind is so open that the wind whistles through it.—*Heywood Broun.*

A woman is never at home unless she is abroad.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

Every line in her face is the line of least resistance.—*Irvin Cobb.*

Good preaching sounds reveille, not taps.—*James M. Gillis, C.S.P.*

He acted as if he had taken a correspondence course in personality.—*Graham Greene.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Give the exact source. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Editor.]

Birds in Christian Symbolism

By EDMUND KEANE, S.J.

Condensed from *Good Counsel**

On a hill-top overlooking Jerusalem one day stood Christ and His apostles. Slowly, in a voice stern yet tender, He cried: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou would'st not?"

A special feature of our Lord's preaching is His use of allegory and parable, His use of symbols. In this little scene from the Gospels He compares His love to that of the mother bird as she clucks concernedly over the tiny creatures that try to find room beneath her protecting wings. There is always an ineffable simplicity and force in the illustrations of Wisdom incarnate!

In Christian art, among the many emblems of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the pelican. Dante speaks of our Lord as *Nostro Pelicano*, and most of us are familiar with the line in the hymn *Adoro Te* of St. Thomas Aquinas where our Lord is addressed as *Pie Pellicane. Jesu Domine!* This bird has a sharp crimson-pointed beak and was believed in olden times to nourish its young with blood drawn from its own breast. The appropriateness of this symbol applied to Him who gives us His Flesh to eat and His Blood to

drink is obvious. That the story is inaccurate makes little difference; the idea seems to have arisen from the following fact. Pelicans have a large bag attached to their underbills. When the parent bird is about to feed its brood it macerates small fish and other edibles in this pouch and then, pressing the bag against its breast, allows the young ones to transfer the softened food to their own mouths.

The eagle, king of birds, is a symbol of loftiness and power that has appealed to men from the earliest ages. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Babylon and Persia, of the Ptolemaic and Seleucid dynasties; it became, in the time of Marius, the standard of the Roman legion; it still remains the emblem of many modern states. In Christian art, however, we are most familiar, perhaps, with the eagle representing St. John the Evangelist. It is also a figure of the Resurrection and Ascension. The strong heavenward flight of this royal bird which alone, it is said, can gaze unblinkingly at the sun, is sufficient to show its aptness as a symbol of our Lord's Ascension into heaven. In the 102nd Psalm (v. 5) we find the words: "Thy youth shall be renewed like the eagle's." This is explained by the legendary notion that

*St. John's Priory, John's Lane, Dublin, Ireland. July-September, 1940.

every ten years the eagle soars into the "fiery region" and plunges thence into the sea, where it acquires new life. This tradition is closely paralleled by that about the fabled phoenix, which was said to live 1,000 years, and rise again rejuvenated from its own ashes. The peacock, too, was used as a symbol of the Resurrection, especially in Byzantine and early Romanesque art. For this significance the yearly renewal of its gorgeous plumage and the ancient belief that its flesh is incorruptible were responsible.

Other birds that find their place in Christian symbolism are the raven, symbolic of confession and penance; the cock, an emblem that often accompanies representations of St. Peter; the vulture, which typifies greed; and the dove, of which more must be said.

The dove is, above all, the symbol of the Holy Ghost. In paintings of our Lord's baptism in the Jordan the third Person of the Blessed Trinity is thus depicted, for in the Gospel we read: "And Jesus being baptized, forthwith came out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened to Him: and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon Him" (Matt., III, 16). Here it is of interest to note that when the custom of representing the Holy Ghost under human form began to creep in it was condemned, in 1623, by Pope Urban VIII. The dove is still widely used as a symbol of peace, derived from the story of Noah

and the flood, where such a bird brought a bough of an olive tree to the ark as a sign that the deluge was at an end. Often, too, in Holy Scripture it stands for innocence and simplicity: "Be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and simple as doves" (Matt., X, 16): "One is my dove, my perfect one" (Cant., VI, 8).

Many other birds were used during the Middle Ages for symbolic purposes. While one is forced to admit that in these centuries of device and heraldry the symbolism of these and other emblems was developed to a degree that now seems not only far-fetched but obscure, nevertheless, it was made quite clear that religious instruction can be gained from the common things of life, even from the winged creatures of the air. The world of nature reflects the glory of the Lord. The voiceless pyramids of Egypt stand to tell us of crumbled dynasties, but the whole universe is fixed as a silent tribute to God's omnipotence. The stars twinkle the message of His watchfulness; the fertile earth portrays His wisdom and munificence; with the still mountain heights we raise our hearts in prayer; the streaming leaves of the rustling forests whisper His unseen presence; the sea murmurs His fathomless mysteries; the tiny breasts of the little birds swell in the effort to pour forth a stream of melody in praise of their Maker. In a word, we can see God in everything.

Pastor and Patriot

England learned to like him

By R. A. JEFFERY

Condensed from *Columbia**

This year marks the centenary of the death of the Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Catholic chaplain in the British army since the so-called Reformation, first bishop of the first episcopal See in Upper Canada, when Kingston was the capital of an embryo nation, first and only among the hierarchy to become a member of a British legislative assembly, and founder of Canada's first English-speaking newspaper, of Upper Canada's first seminary, and of the first Catholic college.

St. Raphaels, in Canada's Glengarry County, was there in name long before Bishop Macdonell's coming. The first Scots to settle in or around Glengarry were those who followed Sir John Johnson out of New York's Mohawk Valley during the American Revolutionary War. Numbering about 200, they made a forced march to Canada and upon reaching the St. Lawrence found the pursuers close upon their heels. They settled in Stormont, on the border of Glengarry, and named their settlement St. Andrews. It was after these Highlanders settled that Sir Guy Carleton issued a commission to raise a regiment among the new arrivals for home defense; thus came into being what was alternately known as

the King's Royal Regiment of New York, Butler's Rangers and the 84th Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment.

But it was the second immigration into the Glengarry community that gave St. Raphaels its name. Economic conditions were deplorable in Scotland in 1786 and religious persecution was even worse. Then it was that Father Alexander Macdonald did something that probably has no parallel in history. He took his entire parish, numbering 526 souls, out of the Knodart area of the Glengarry estates in the Western Highlands and settled them in a new land amid new opportunity, in Glengarry in Canada. Gathering his flock about him the rugged Father Macdonald of the House of Scotus celebrated Mass amid strange surroundings and then, from the ancient quay of Greenock, the oddly assorted throng lifted their eyes for the last time to the native heather-clad hills.

They clustered about their spiritual leader, as much in fear as in hope, and offered a prayer for guidance to St. Raphael, the ancient protector of wayfarers. Then, in the mist of early morning on June 29, they silently sailed away in the primitive ship *McDonald* which rocked and swayed and lost her way, but finally landed beneath the

*45 Wall Street, New Haven, Conn. August, 1940.

frowning rampart of Quebec on Sept. 7. The colonists eventually made their weary way on foot and in batteaux up the St. Lawrence to the lovely promontory in Glengarry County, close to the earlier Scottish settlement of St. Andrews and there they knelt again around good "Father Alexander o' the House of Scotus," with little physical sustenance and no shelter. From the fullness of grateful hearts they named the place St. Raphaels in honor of the angel they felt had heard their petitions. It was at ancient Lachine in Quebec that Father Macdonald died in 1803 at the age of 53, thus concluding a pastorate more eventful, more significant in its personal and cumulative import than is given to most men.

But the story of his successor, almost his namesake, is greater. His tomb at Kingston will this year attract cavalcades of devout people from all parts of the continent. At Inchlaggan on the border of Perth and Inverness in Scotland's Highlands was born this boy who was to become the dominant character of his later days in the new Glengarry, home of the *Ch'lanadh Nan Gael* in Upper Canada.

He could not acquire an academic education in Scotland (that was denied a Catholic in those dark days of religious persecution and fanaticism) but a devoted mother, of the race of Sterling, was his mentor. When she had finished with his elementary studies he was sent to Paris and then to Scots

College, at Valladolid in Spain, where he was ordained in 1787, returning almost immediately to his beloved braes o' Lochaber. His parents and friends endeavored to dissuade him; it was still illegal for a Catholic priest to perform his duties in Scotland. Perhaps, they suggested, he had better labor in another field.

But young Macdonell wasn't even moved by the entreaties. He sought to convince the authorities that by their wholesale eviction of his people and conversion of their homes and lands into sheep pasturage they were but moving civilization backward. He argued that the Catholic Scots could be loyal, constructive citizens and, strange as it now seems, his arguments were heeded. The penal laws were partially repealed and despite constant opposition he managed to find temporary employment for his evicted flock in Glasgow mills.

Economic conditions were becoming steadily worse in Scotland: the French Revolution had ruined Glasgow's export trade; the potato crop was a complete failure. Factories closed, relentless persecution continued and the eviction victims found their last plight more serious than the first, without homes or employment. That was when the intrepid 34-year-old priest accomplished something none had before attempted. Approaching the British government, he made this plea, "Since ye will no gie my people work, gie them a

chance to fight for ye; let me organize the Glengarries into a composite Catholic regiment, I'll be their chaplain and I'll promise ye'll ne'er regret it."

Thus came into being the famed Glengarry Fencibles, who fought Britain's battles, the first Catholic regiment and the first Catholic chaplain since the Reformation; but such was the valor of the soldiers, the chivalry and common sense of the chaplain, the whole tide of religious intolerance was stemmed and in quick succession followed those epochal events that subsequently made Canadian history.

Father Alexander Macdonell became widely known throughout Scotland, and indeed throughout the British Isles, as "the warrior priest." He first sought to have the men of his disbanded regiment returned to their ancestral lands, but when that right was denied him he made another bold bid for his people. After the peace of 1802, the demobilized "Glengarries" were at a loose end; they were entitled to compensation and the price their chaplain demanded was passage to Canada and settlement of the entire regiment of Glengarry Fencibles on land in the new Glengarry. The government demurred stoutly, as probably Father Macdonell expected it would. He argued and pleaded and finally offered the salutary solution that was eventually accepted: "Aye, if ye want to mak' upper Canada secure wi'in the Empire let me settle yon Highland

Catholics there; they're a frugal, peace-lovin' folk, but if ye'll need fighters, aye, they're bonny."

Thus the third, largest and most important immigration landed in Canada's Glengarry on the St. Lawrence in 1803. The regiment of the disbanded Glengarry Fencibles came first, followed a year or so later by their chaplain, the man of destiny who came to have as his parochial domain all that territory extending from the boundary of Lower Canada to Detroit and north to Lake Superior, 1,000 miles along the river and lakes.

He was the only priest in Upper Canada and for ten years he covered his far-flung territory on foot, canoe, and horseback. The difficulties he encountered were almost incredible. Twice he and his Indian boatmen were hurled into the foaming Long Sault rapids in the St. Lawrence; roving tribes watched him menacingly.

Piety and patriotism often go hand in hand. It was so with this unusual man. In the midst of his extensive pastorate, the war of 1812 burst upon the struggling communities along the St. Lawrence. Father Macdonell had given his word to the British government that his Glengarry Fencibles would defend British institutions in Canada as stoutly as they had in Scotland's troublous times; he again organized the regiment and out of historic St. Raphaels he marched at their head as captain and chaplain. He and

his regiment participated in some 20 engagements along the St. Lawrence between Glengarry and Detroit and, at the close of hostilities in 1815, he was warmly commended by the British government, which bestowed upon him a pension for life. By his patriotic leadership, he had won something of even greater importance: he gained for the Catholic people of the New World a status with the British government that offers an example of good will, high purpose and common sense the world over wherever people of diverse creeds and nationalities must dwell together.

Upper Canada of that far-off day, now the province of Ontario, became a vicariate of the Quebec archdiocese in 1819, and in 1820 the young cleric who had come to this side of the Atlantic only 16 years before was consecrated in the Ursuline chapel at Quebec as first bishop of Upper Canada. One of his cherished possessions was the episcopal ring received on that momentous occasion from George IV.

A distinction was accorded the new bishop, one enjoyed by no other prelate in Canada, perhaps in all America, before or since that formative period: with unanimous approbation, he was appointed to the exclusive Legislative Council of Upper Canada.

In St. Raphaels he founded the Iona Seminary. He built churches and schools throughout his broad dominion, laid a foundation for the Church,

saw towns and hamlets spring up about him. He ordained young men to the priesthood and, in 1838, founded Kingston's present Regiopolis College, which in 1866 was granted powers as a university. Kingston became Upper Canada's first episcopal See and there, beneath the cathedral crypt, lie the remains of the prelate, once a young chaplain, who, when he died in 1840, at the age of 78, left 48 churches and 30 priests in the field.

The crozier of the great Scotsman, priest, bishop and patriot, has in turn passed to eight successors in Kingston: Bishops Gaulin, Phelan, Horan, John O'Brien, Archbishops Cleary, Gauthier, Spratt, and the present Archbishop Michael J. O'Brien. The pioneer Bishop Macdonell's diocese is now, in Ontario proper, represented by three archdioceses, Kingston, Ottawa, and Toronto, and eight dioceses.

A handful of priests has grown to 95 in the Kingston archdiocese and 1,496 in Ottawa, Toronto and the eight dioceses. Kingston archdiocese has 66 churches; the remainder of Bishop Macdonell's original parish, 808. The territory included in the archdiocese has a Catholic population of 45,000, the remainder 810,000. There are Catholic universities in Kingston, Ottawa and Toronto; three major seminaries at Toronto, London and Ottawa; colleges for the higher education of men and women in every diocese, as well as hospitals and orphanages.

Sightless, They See

By K. F. F.

Condensed from the *Union and Echo**

To the casual visitor at St. Mary's School for the Deaf, on Main Street in Buffalo, the greeting of the sturdy rosy-checked little girl who haltingly entered the room was a blurred "How-do-you-do. How-are-you?" But to her devoted teacher, Sister Aloysia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph who conduct the school, it was sweeter than the most musical of normal voices, for these simple words of greeting represented a triumphant conclusion to four years of the most patient and at times heart-breaking labors.

The little girl is Margaret McInerney, deaf and blind pupil at St. Mary's, who has overcome handicaps which few human beings can conquer. Deprived of her mother who died at her birth, the little girl was first placed in an orphanage, later in a foster home. Neither were Catholic homes. At the age of three, Margaret contracted spinal meningitis and lost both sight and hearing. The foster parents continued to care for the child in spite of her affliction, and later, when she was 8½ years old, placed her in St. Mary's.

It is now almost impossible to imagine that the healthy, happy, normalized, well-mannered little girl with the delicate complexion and reddish gold hair, which she loves to have

curled, can be the one whose early years were so afflicted.

Two problems confronted her teacher; one was to build her up physically. She was undersized and wizened and had a tearing cough. The other problem was more difficult. She had to be taught the things any child half her age had learned: to walk, eat, play, dress herself and control her temper. And this must be done for a child deaf as well as blind.

Only by acts of kindness, doing little things for her that she liked, could Margaret be shown that those about her were her friends.

"It is fascinating to watch her mind come to life day after day," the Sister said. "Margaret is an extremely bright child with an excellent mentality and a lovable little girl. There were stormy scenes at first when attempts were made to teach her order and discipline, but that is all past now. She is well and strong and loves to learn. Her progress will be rapid."

At their summer place on Lake Ontario, where the children who have no homes are taken for the summer, Margaret's health showed marked improvement. Here she had sunshine, outdoor play, rest and recreation. Here she learned to swim, to play with dolls:

*331 Virginia St., Buffalo, N. Y. May 16, 1940.

all the things children do in the country. No attempt was made to teach her in a classroom until her physical condition was improved.

In the sunny, cheerful room which became Margaret's classroom, the walls are lined with toys, dolls and other objects of interest. On the day she first entered this pleasant room, the first thing she touched was a string of large wooden beads hanging just inside the door. Thereafter, whenever she touched the beads she knew she was in the right room. It wasn't long before she learned to string the beads. She was first taught how to build with blocks. From blocks she went to dolls; she has ten or twelve different kinds. She can take the clothes off each and, after the clothes are mixed up, without hesitation she can put every article of clothing back on the proper doll.

The methods used to teach Margaret are the most modern and approved known. At first she was taught exclusively by the vibration method, which is the one used for nearly all blind-deaf children. With this method the child places its thumb on the teacher's lips and its fingers on the teacher's face. It was May, 1938, before Margaret was taught to spell, using the fingers as the deaf do. She learned rapidly. She can now spell some 300 or 400 words and knows the meanings of most of them. These include the Sisters' names, the children's names, days of the week, some of the months,

nouns, the numerals and commands.

Margaret has also learned the alphabet in braille and does quite a bit of reading and writing of braille. She does hand work such as knitting, weaving, clay modeling and some leather work.

Another little deaf-blind pupil, Raymond, has been working with her since September, 1938. He is now four years old, and was also an early victim of meningitis. At first Margaret did not like the idea of his using the toys in the classroom. One night she found her way to the room and hid as many toys as she could collect, under a cretonne-covered chair.

She has gotten over this feeling toward little Raymond now and helps to take excellent care of him, helping him to dress, wash and prepare for bed. Through this association she has learned to be unselfish, sharing her possessions. Raymond is being taught by the vibration method and, as he has an excellent mentality, his progress is also rapid.

Speech is stressed with both children, as it is in all present-day teaching of the deaf. When the teaching is started early enough, the voice is trained to normal tones. Raymond speaks many words and Margaret is learning daily. They say their prayers together and as one of the Sisters said, "It is a touching sight to see each kiss Sister's cross as they finish their prayers."

Both children have a great sense of humor and romp merrily together. Little Raymond delights in taking Sister's hand to his face and commanding her to jump, sit on the floor or do other things that she tells him to do. Sister never disappoints him.

Since the two children require so much individual attention, Teresa Golda, one of the graduates of St. Mary's who loves children, makes an excellent assistant teacher.

Margaret has her own way of disposing of visitors of whom she has tired. She finds and presents to them their hats and coats as she walks them to the door. She plays little jokes on her teacher who, unlike most teachers, is delighted, as it is to her another sign of mental alertness. A candy jar is another unusual part of the equipment of this happy classroom where rewards are frequent and praise is lavish.

A careful diary has been kept of the work with Margaret, as well as a photographic record of every stage of her development. This will be a valuable document for guidance in future cases.

Outstanding as this work has been, it is but an example of the splendid work being accomplished at St. Mary's with deaf children. There are 275 children enrolled, from tiny tots to those of high-school age. Much of the work is individual, in all cases the groups taught are small. There are playground facilities, a swimming pool, and toys unlimited.

Forty or more Sisters make up the staff. Religious instruction is given and the spiritual welfare of the children is the most important phase of the work.

The Sisters of St. Mary's School for the Deaf are happy to have visitors come to their institution to see the work with afflicted children. *Afflicted* might even be questioned when the work being done is seen.

As we go, Margaret, the pitiable case of only four years ago, holds fast to the hand of her teacher who rapidly spells to her that we are leaving. To have her place her hand in ours and say, "Good-bye. Thank you for coming. Come again," reminds us that the age of miracles is not past.

I have no sympathy with those who complain of the wealth and beauty of a church in a poor land. For the sake of another peso a week, it is hardly worth depriving the poor of such rest and quiet as they can find in the cathedral here [in Mexico]. I have never heard people complain of the super-cinemas—that the money should be spent in relief—and yet there's no democracy in a cinema: you pay more and you get more; but in a church the democracy is absolute. The rich man and the poor man kneel side by side for Communion; the rich man must wait his turn at the confessional.

From *Another Mexico* by Graham Greene (Viking: 1940).

Eddie Anderson, Leader of Men

By N. A. STEFFEN

U. S. coach No. 1

Condensed from the Nevada *Evening Journal**

Eddie Anderson learned early in life that successful achievement depends more on the mastering of elementary essentials than on brilliant strokes of genius. He also possessed a dogged determination that some of his associates occasionally mistook for stubbornness and insubordination. He never "played to the galleries," but hammered away at his own position on the team, at end, until all-around ability, not flashes of genius, won him general recognition as the greatest wing man in America. "Master every detail of your position, both on the offense and on the defense," Knute Rockne had taught him; and Eddie Anderson has successfully passed on that elementary but indispensable football technique to every team he has coached, including Iowa. Added to that is his conviction that in the long run victory rests with those who play with enthusiasm mounting to fanaticism.

Illustrating this characteristic of his work, Coach Anderson never fails to tell his men the story of a Notre Dame "sub" who rose to the captaincy and All-American honors more through pluck than by ability. In the always crucial Army game one year, a first-string "Irish" tackle had been injured

early in the first quarter. The Army, feeling that the Notre Dame line had been weakened, directed play after play through tackle, but to no effect. The "sub" was inspired and battled better than he knew. At the half, Rockne inspected his team and checked on every player. When he came to the substitute tackle, he found the lad bruised and battered, but with determination written on every feature. "How are you standing it, Buddy?" asked the great coach. "Rock, I love it," snapped the sub. Next year that tackle was captain, and in the following season, All-American. Subsequently he rose to great heights in the legal profession. He could fight for any cause when he *loved* it.

Mastery of elementary but essential details was the outstanding lesson that Anderson learned from Rockne. Eddie often tells of an incident in his own playing days, that emphasized the wisdom of doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. In a decisive game toward the end of a season, Notre Dame was losing ground and disaster seemed to loom ahead. Line-charge was putting the Ramblers' backs against their own goal. Frantically they looked toward the bench. Eagerly they hoped for a flash of genius from

*Nevada, Iowa, July 22, 1940.

"Rock" to save them. A sub came trotting out. At last, they thought, the coach had solved that attack. "What did he tell you?" the regulars demanded, almost in chorus. "He told me to tell you," blubbered the sub, "he told me to tell you to hold them."

Victory tastes sweeter to no man than it does to Eddie Anderson. Yet no coach more resolutely than he ever yielded victory to the endangered well-being of his players. Many an Anderson-coached athlete has sat on the bench in tears because Eddie would not risk physical injury to him. For Eddie

Anderson, great player that he was and greater coach that he is, is withal a spiritual man. He recognizes his responsibility to God, and he knows that football is subordinate to higher values. And so when Eddie's son, Nick, following the example of his illustrious father, knelt before the altar on the eve of the Minnesota game to pray for the Iowa team, he asked God not that the Hawkeyes should win, but that they should conduct themselves as men, and that all the players of both teams be protected from every injury.



Man Among the Apes

Auditing the record

By MICHAEL BURT

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**

The members of the Q. E. D. Club felt they should discover, in simple and untechnical terms, precisely what the theory of evolution amounted to.

Dr. Jeremy Sheep began by emphasizing the necessity for a clear understanding of the precise claims of the theory of evolution, since the subject had, in the course of years, become so enveloped that few laymen today had any exact notion as to the extent and limits of the original theory.

History showed that it was the fate

of most really great and original thinkers to be misrepresented, not only by their enemies but also by their too ardent disciples, and there was no more typical instance of this than the web of inaccuracies and absurdities that had grown up around the Darwin-Wallace theory of the origin of species.

How many people nowadays had ever heard of Alfred Russell Wallace? Yet it was a fact that Wallace, working quite independently reached exactly the same general conclusions as Darwin, and that the first enunciation of

*St. Saviour's Priory, Dominick St., Dublin, C.16, Ireland. July, 1940.

the theory was communicated to the Royal Society in 1858 in the joint names of Darwin and Wallace. But the work of Wallace had been overshadowed and all but extinguished by the publication, in 1859, of Darwin's famous book, *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, the outcome of 20 years' patient, careful, intelligent, and assiduous labor.

Yet it must not be thought that the theory of evolution was anything entirely new and unprecedented. It was known that the concept of evolution exercised the minds of some of the greatest thinkers and philosophers of very ancient days, among them St. Augustine and St. Gregory of Nyssa. Since, therefore, there was nothing essentially novel in the general principles of the Darwin-Wallace theory, how did it come about that its publication raised such storms of controversy and fanaticism?

Dr. Sheep thought there were several reasons for this. First, there was the masterly manner in which a finished theory (as opposed to a mere group of disconnected, unsubstantiated conjectures) was presented, backed by a wealth of scrupulously selected examples and impregnable logical arguments. Next, there was the almost hysterical vehemence with which the theory was opposed by fundamentalists who, terrified lest these revolutionary ideas should undermine the faith, and hence the morals, of the God-fearing,

did not scruple to denounce them even before they themselves had paused to study the precise implications of Darwin's and Wallace's teachings. As a consequence, the theory had been wildly and ludicrously misrepresented and, as so often happens, the misrepresentations had acquired a notoriety and longevity denied to the truth. Lastly, and deriving from the foregoing, was the blow which the evolutionist appeared to strike at the belief, widely and tenaciously held in those days, and especially by Protestants, in the literal accuracy of the account of the creation given in the first chapters of *Genesis*. Another factor which ought to be mentioned was the effect of the support given to the theory by professed agnostics of the fame and caliber of Herbert Spencer. Add to these considerations the usual and seemingly inevitable distortions appearing in the popular press, and it was not difficult to understand the heat which the theory stirred up.

The absurd thing about it was (Dr. Sheep continued) that when one subjected the theory to a dispassionate analysis, it was found to contain absolutely nothing in the smallest degree repugnant to the tenets of revealed religion. Such an analysis had in fact been made in 1871 by a great Catholic thinker, St. George Mivart, who had brilliantly summarized the whole theory in the following few brief sentences:

Every kind of animal and plant

tends to increase in numbers in a geometrical progression.

Every kind of animal and plant transmits a general likeness, with individual differences, to its offspring.

Every individual may present minute variations of any kind and in any direction.

Past time has been practically indefinite.

Every individual has to endure a very severe struggle for existence, owing to the tendency to geometrical increase of all kinds of animals and plants, while the total animal and vegetable population (man and his agency excepted) remains almost stationary. Thus every variation of a kind tending to save the life of the individual possessing it, or to enable it more surely to propagate its kind, will in the long run be preserved, and will transmit its favorable peculiarity to some of its offspring, which peculiarity will thus become intensified till it reaches the maximum degree of utility. On the other hand, individuals presenting unfavorable peculiarities will be ruthlessly destroyed. The action of this law of natural selection may thus be well represented by the convenient expression, survival of the fittest.

Those few sentences (Dr. Sheep went on) enshrined a complete epitome of all the essentials of the theory of evolution; and one did not need to be a theologian or a philosopher to see that there was nothing anti-Christian

or "Godless" about it. It made no attempt to account for the origin of the matter whence the various species were evolved. It specifically excluded man from the laws laid down: though, in point of fact, Darwin did later show that they might equally apply to the mental characteristics of man and to his physical evolution. It did indeed conflict with the *literal* interpretation of the story of the creation in *Genesis*, but it in no way dethroned God from His position as Primal Cause of the universe or as Creator of the *soul* of man.

Finally, it must be reiterated that neither Darwin himself, nor his colleague, Wallace, nor even so confirmed an opponent of revealed religion as T. S. Huxley, claimed that evolution and creation were mutually incompatible. Ironically enough, *that* notion had proceeded mainly from those who had *opposed* evolution. Darwin himself had never ceased to proclaim his belief in, and extol the omnipotence of, the Creator who, by creating matter and breathing life into it, had set the evolutionary ball a-rolling. It might be said, indeed, that the severest blow sustained by the fundamentalists at the hands of Darwin and Wallace was the destruction of that painstaking essay in chronology which placed the date of the creation at 4004 B.C. which, after all, was not so very serious a matter!

Mr. Ignatius Inkpén said that Dr. Sheep had given the club an insight in-

to the claims and scope of the evolution theory that was refreshingly restrained and clear compared with some of the expositions contained in works of "popular" science. In his own boyhood he had been told that evolution was primarily concerned with the descent of man from anthropoid apes and, like others of his generation, he could not help feeling faintly disappointed that Dr. Sheep had not once mentioned that thrilling topic, the quest of the missing link! On the contrary, they were now told that there was a tendency to exclude *Homo Sapiens* from the general laws of evolution. He himself could not quite understand why this should be so, at any rate so far as man's physical development was concerned. The mere fact that man was descended from apes did not necessarily affect his spiritual status.

Miss Pamela Pagan observed that, all science and theories apart, it was quite clear that *some* so-called humans, at any rate, were descended from monkeys. One had only to look around one. . . .

Lady Smugge said she had never been so insulted in her life. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Bruno Hurn remarked that there were other people who had apparently not yet started to descend

Miss Pagan said *she* had never been so insulted in her life. (*Loud laughter.*)

Order having been restored, Canon Bildew-Blenkins said he thought too

little attention and respect had been shown to the *Book of Genesis*. It was certainly the fashion to decry the Old Testament and to assert that it was composed largely of a collection of folklore which the enlightened Christian of today need not take too seriously. But such an attitude was to be condemned on two heads: firstly, because the Church claimed to be the divinely appointed custodian of revealed truth and could not therefore countenance the propagation of mere myths; and secondly, because other branches of science, such as archeology, were continually making new discoveries tending to show that much of the Old Testament, far from being legendary or fanciful, was literally and precisely true. And while it was obvious that there could not possibly exist anything in the nature of a contemporary or eye-witness account of the creation it was only logical to suppose that, if the account given in *Genesis* had been inspired, it must have been truthfully and accurately inspired. The canon himself had no use whatever for those who airily declared that God could not possibly have created the world in six days, basing their assertion on a knowledge of the ordinary processes of natural science. Such an assertion was an insult to the omnipotence of God, to whom all things were possible.

Major Herbert thought that in any discussion as to the truth or otherwise

of the Old Testament it was first necessary to find an answer to Pilate's famous question: "What is truth?" Without falling into the error condemned by Canon Blenkins, of questioning God's omnipotence, it was at least legitimate to point out that the first two chapters of *Genesis* contradicted each other in some essential respects: thus, day and night occurred before the creation of the sun, and green things grew upon the earth at a similarly premature period. Again, God Himself was made to act in time and in deed as if He were a man. It should be quite clear from such inconsistencies that *Genesis* was never intended to give an exact and literal account of the creation, but rather a popular account in a form suited to the intelligence of the men of the period of which it was written. A precise technical account of the scientific processes involved would have been completely incomprehensible to the ancient Israelites.

Major-Gen. Sir Rufus Dripp-Gore said that on the flyleaf of every volume of *Army Regulations* there was a note to the effect that the said regulations "were intended to be interpreted reasonably and intelligently." He himself thought that similar instructions might well be printed on the flyleaf of every Bible. In fact, if he had his way he would flog to death (a) all those nit-brained pedants who tried to insist that every word of the Scriptures meant ex-

actly and literally what it said, and (b) the addleheaded quacks who claimed that a few apparent inconsistencies invalidated the truth of the whole book. The Bible, like every other book of regulations, must be interpreted reasonably and intelligently, and with a view to discovering the main principle involved. The issue in this case was simply: did God create the world or did He not? If He did, it was quite irrelevant whether He did it in six days or in 60 million years: whether He created every species of living thing individually, or merely provided the matter out of which the various species could evolve.

Dr. Anthony Ampoule thought that so far as the vegetable kingdom was concerned, and the whole animal kingdom too, with the exception of man, the evolutionists had succeeded in making out an excellent case: in fact, it was virtually certain that their theory was entirely accurate. The only really doubtful case was that of man. As Dr. Sheep had told them, Darwin later wrote a book to show that the general principles of evolution were equally applicable to man and the beasts; but other scientists had disagreed with him in this respect. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that since man was so obviously superior to the beasts he must have been the subject of a separate creation. Mr. Inkpen's jocular reference to the old quest for the missing link was not without importance in

considering this matter, for it was surely a very strange thing that while certain of the anthropoid apes had certain features in common with man (and, as had been said, certain humans bore a peculiar resemblance to apes) no amount of research had yet revealed the existence of a creature actually in process of transition from apeness to manhood. In other words, though the two species admittedly resembled each other in some respects, there was no evidence whatever that they had ever become linked. In the absence of such evidence speculation might be interesting, but it was definitely unprofitable. Dr. Ampoule himself inclined to the view that man was a special and separate creation of God.

Monsignor O'Shaughnessy, summing up, paid a tribute to Dr. Sheep's able summary of the essential points of the evolution theory, and had no doubt that several members would leave the meeting better instructed on this subject than when they had arrived. Other speakers had, between them, dealt with most of the subsidiary points arising out of the theory, and had gone some way towards showing that there was really no need for antagonism between science and religion on this matter.

As a result of the usual spate of misunderstandings and misrepresentations engendered by such controversies, a wholly erroneous idea had got about that the Christian bodies in general, and the Catholic Church in particular,

were fiercely antagonistic to the whole idea of evolution. This, of course, was not the case at all. The original publication of the Wallace-Darwin theory had evoked a number of rash and hasty declarations by individual clergymen of most denominations, but he thought he was right in saying that no positive denunciation of the theory had ever been voiced officially by any of the greater and more responsible Christian bodies. Certainly the Catholic Church had never done so, though she had rightly condemned some of the absurd extravagancies that had grown up like so much cockle and threatened to choke the original theory.

Of all the points discussed that evening there were just two upon which Monsignor O'Shaughnessy felt that he ought to say a word: the status of the *Book of Genesis* and the position of man. The Church regarded the *Book of Genesis* as having been inspired, and for that reason it must be true, but only true *in the sense in which its divine Author intended it to be understood*. The intention of God in inspiring these first chapters of *Genesis* was certainly not to give a scientific account of the processes involved in the creation, but simply to give His people a general account in language that they could understand. Plainly, then, the wording was to some extent figurative, and adapted to the intelligence of the ancient Israelites. Realizing this, the Church allowed considerable latitude in

the interpretation of these chapters, so far as they relate to events in the natural order.

On the other hand, the Church found it necessary to insist on the implicit acceptance of two fundamental points: first, that, no matter in what precise manner the thing was done, God created the world out of nothing, gave it all its potentialities, and sustains it even to this day; and secondly, that the soul of each man is the product of a separate fiat and does not come into being in obedience to the general fiat which produced the rest of the creatures. While, however, the Church held the faithful to a belief in this "special creation" of man, she did not specify or define the *manner* of this creation. It might be thought that the account in *Genesis* of man's double origin, *i.e.*, from the dust or slime of the earth, and secondly from the breath of God, was a figurative way of stating that man, in his finished state, was the result of the infusion of an immortal soul into the body of an already existing creature: a theory in no way incompatible either with the faith of the Church or with the theory of evolution. The Church did not affirm this solu-

tion, but she permitted it to be taken as a working hypothesis for further research or even to be held by the faithful as a purely personal belief.

"It is rather interesting to note in this connection," Monsignor O'Shaughnessy concluded, "that from the earliest times of Christianity the Fathers and Doctors of the Church have insisted that in His rôle of Creator, God never acts *directly* when the same result can be produced by *secondary causes*. St. Augustine held that no sooner had God issued His original fiat which produced the matter whence everything else was made, than everything was already *potentially in existence*; and that from this material, infused as it was with God-given potentialities, the world developed in *actuality*. Acceptance of this doctrine of secondary causes makes the Church, in fact, not merely a supporter but even the originator of a belief in some kind of evolution; and it therefore goes without saying that, far from wishing to obstruct research in this direction, she would be only too glad to welcome any really concrete proof that all living organisms have indeed been evolved from one or a few original forms."

Beginnings...XVI...

MASSACHUSETTS

First priests: Two Recollects in 1643; Father Gabriel Druillettes, S.J., in 1650.

First Mass: Probably by Father Druillettes in Boston in 1650.

First recorded Baptism: Mary Campbell on April 2, 1789.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Charles Carroll of Carrollton

By MARY KEELER WARWICK

First citizen

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

The drawing room at Doughoregan Manor was bathed in the sunlight of late afternoon, its warm golden rays intensifying the sharp, clear features of the slight old man at the desk. The only sound that broke the tranquil stillness was the intermittent scratching of the pen as it flew across the pages of the letter Charles Carroll of Carrollton was writing. The letter was nearly at an end and the man who was still, at 90, the mentor of the whole country, leader of his state, guide, friend and even banker of his section, permitted himself a few moments of reflection on the years that lay behind him before he took up the pen again. He was moved by the deep piety which informed his every action to close his letter: "On the mercy of my Redeemer I rely for salvation, and on His merits; not on the works I have done in obedience to His precepts."

Even though Charles Carroll showed his true greatness by such modesty, one may well imagine that the receipt of his friend's letter caused the recollection of some of the events, any one of which would have ornamented an entire lifetime; events that loomed with individual brilliance against the far, bright horizon of the history of the colony of Maryland whose foundation

guaranteed liberty of conscience to all men "believing in Jesus Christ" and whose leaders have all been men who held that liberty most precious.

It is often said that old men remember best the days of their youth. So perhaps the old man went back, away from the Doughoregan of the present, to the days he spent abroad, learning and studying as his father wisely admonished him, using his judgment as that father had advised, "for men of sense do not content themselves with knowing a thing, but make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the reasons on which that knowledge is founded."

Who can say that he does not dream now of his first love, Rachel Cooke, that sweet and gentle maiden who died within a few days of the time set for their wedding? Of her he wrote, out of his heartbreak, "I loved her sincerely; judge of my loss and by it of what I feel." Who can say that he does not recall, in these dreams, the lovely Mary Darnall whom he married and whose children and grandchildren now brighten his days?

These are the dreams of the heart and while he sits there in the sunlit room memory suddenly breaks the stillness. The hubbub and shouting of a wild crowd acclaim the overthrow

*389 E. 150th St., New York City. July, 1940.

of the hated proclamation. In an election, the delegates to the Assembly were chosen and the people had reason to believe that there would be an end to the onerous taxation which had oppressed many while a few had batten- ed upon it as an easy way to acquire money without hard work.

Then came the matter of the proposed increase in tithes, which the governor had attempted to settle in his own way by dissolving the Assembly and issuing his own proclamation to that effect. This course of action had been regarded as most tyrannical and the entire population had protested vigorously against it; all save those who would profit by it.

Young Mr. Carroll had entered into a debate with the attorney general under the name First Citizen and had ably and brilliantly defended the Colonists in their cause. When it was made known who First Citizen was, Charles Carroll of Carrollton became the most popular man in the colony. Now, with the delegates elected, the people were resolved to "bury the proclamation" and bury it they did, literally, after a parade, suitable oratory and wild demonstrations through the streets.

Old Mr. Carroll still sits in the drawing room, his letter long since dry, dreaming, as an old man will, of days that have long since passed. He lights for a moment the little flame to melt the wax for his seal and its fitful burning brings back another blaze that

lights vividly the recesses of his mind.

It was a day of tense excitement in early October, 1774, when a ship laden with taxed tea from England landed in Baltimore. Her owners, the Stewart brothers, agreed to burn the tea but the indignation against them was so great that when Mr. Carroll was appealed to he advised burning the ship as well as the tea and stood by while Mr. Stewart set fire to the brig with his own hand. The flames shot high, illuminating the sky with their glow, one of the first beacons of freedom in the Colonies.

Now his struggling young country was preparing for conflict with the motherland. Charles Carroll stood by upholding the Colonists at every opportunity and, though he was devoted heart and soul to Maryland, he was always able to see the needs of the nation as a whole. When needed, he was there with his help, wise advice and vast fortune.

A bell rings somewhere deep within the house. The old man stares at the seal of his letter, thinking of the day on which the great bell in Philadelphia had rung to herald the Declaration of Independence. As its solemn tones pealed forth, the Quaker, John Dickinson, remarked, "I regard that as the death knell of these Colonies," to which Benjamin Franklin replied, "Sir, it is the announcement of the birth of a nation!" What emotions surged through the heart of Charles Carroll

as he affixed his signature to that illustrious document! Nothing that he ever afterward accomplished seemed as important to the man who had beheld the very moment of his nation's birth; small and insignificant as it was at the time, he lived to see it rise glorious and strong, having thrown off the tyranny that had enshrouded it.

Steps sound along the corridor and they bring to mind that day, not so long past, when there were gathered in the library of Doughoregan his family and some of his friends to receive the committee from Washington which presented to him two copies of the Declaration which, 50 years before, he had signed, along with Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. He had thought of them then, those two old men who had been his friends, dead only a month since, and prayed for them.

The darkness closes in and far down in the valley sounds the shrill scream of the locomotive engine. Old Mr. Carroll stirred, thinking of the days when he had seen the need for a change in the method of transportation and had advised the building of this railroad. A little breeze had sprung up and as it danced gently about his head Charles Carroll was moved to recollect the eventful trip in the steam car drawn by Mr. Cooper's engine from Baltimore to Ellicotts' Mills. How the air had rushed past him as he sped around the curves, past the woods of Avalon

and the silver falls of Glen Artney, following the Patapsco as it wound among the green hills of Howard to the steep cobbled streets of the little town on the summit that had been built by the millers Ellicott.

The old man rose, calling his servant to take the letter. Six years have passed since the day commemorating the golden jubilee of his signature, years full of activity, of business transacted, public enterprises promoted. They were years filled with pleasures, too, visiting his children, sailing his boat, talking with his old friends.

Time brings even the most exalted to the hour of death. Charles Carroll of Carrollton met death with the quiet fortitude of the ideal Catholic man. Toward the evening of Nov. 14, 1832, the great man felt the approach of his end. He was then living in his daughter's Baltimore home.

The venerable old man sat in his easy chair before the fireplace. Near him was a table with candles lit and holy water ready for the coming of the priest with Holy Viaticum. By his side knelt his children and grandchildren, their tears falling softly. At the back of the room knelt the old faithful Negro servants.

After the ceremony the old patriot was placed in his bed and a few hours later died peacefully.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a most willing signer of the immortal Declaration of Independence, was the only

Catholic, the man most useful to his country, the richest of all the signers as well as the last man alive of all that illustrious company of early American patriots.

Such were his claims to fame. But all of them brought him far less comfort than the knowledge that he daily lived up to his faith. His last recorded

utterance was memorable: "I have enjoyed continued health, I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity and most of the good things which the world can bestow: public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practiced the duties of my religion."



Dripping Divorce

It happened some 50 years ago in the quiet, sun-baked town of Santa Barbara in California. At that time the population of the town was mostly Mexican. Unable to float serenely on the marital sea were a young Mexican husband and wife. They decided the only way out was a divorce. They visited the town's benevolent old padre at the Mission. Try as he would the padre could not bring about a reconciliation; the two fiery young Mexicans were determined to be divorced. In desperation, then, the padre told them to report the following Sunday afternoon at four o'clock and he would give them a divorce. The whole town, aptly enough, was greatly excited over the prospect of such an exceptional circumstance in their sleepy town, such a serious deviation from the Catholic Church's strict laws.

At the appointed time the blushing wife and the nervous husband walked slowly up the aisle of the packed church to meet the padre standing at the altar rail in all his ecclesiastical vestments, the altar boy holding a large holy water container and an aspergillum. With elaborate pomp and ceremony the padre began intoning Psalms meanwhile freely dousing the expectant couple with holy water. After what seemed an interminable time to the completely doused couple the padre turned to the altar boy and in a deep, serious tone said, "Brother, go fill the water pot. The supply is almost gone." Back came the altar boy with a fresh supply of holy water, and once again the good padre began dousing the couple with water. Finally the thoroughly chastened, wet husband looked sheepishly up at the padre and said, "When is this divorce going to be finished?" Laconically the padre replied, "When one of you is drowned!" Upshot of the whole incident was that the couple was reconciled and lived happily ever after.

E. J. Charek, C.P.P.S., quoted in *Novena Notes* (3 May '40).

Pearl of the Orient

By PATRICK O'CONNOR

And one of great price

Condensed from the *Far East**

When you come to the Philippines, it does not take you long to feel at home. As your ship sails smoothly into wide, green-shored Manila Bay, perhaps you know little about the Islands except that they are at present a U. S. possession and that in your history books long ago you read of them in connection with such names as Magellan, Legaspi, Dewey. Magellan, the Portuguese navigator, sailing around the world under the Spanish ensign, discovered the Islands more than 400 years ago. In 1564 Miguel Legaspi sailed from Mexico to the Philippines, where he definitely established the flag of Spain and named the entire group after Spain's Philip II. The flag planted by Legaspi flew over the Islands until 1898, when at the close of the Spanish-American War it gave way to the Stars and Stripes. Today the Philippines have a flag of their own. Since 1935 they are a self-governing commonwealth, under U. S. sovereignty. The Tydings-McDuffie Act, which set up the Commonwealth, provides for complete independence by June 4, 1946.

There are more than 7,000 Philippine Islands but only a few hundred are inhabited. The largest is Luzon, in the north, a half-day's steamship

journey from the China coast. Luzon is about the size of Ohio; Manila, its chief city, is the capital of the Philippines. Next largest is the island of Mindanao, to the south; its area equals that of Indiana. A few of the other islands approach the size of Connecticut. The rest are smaller and thousands are just palm-crested reefs of rock.

Magellan and his men found a population of Malayan origin and entirely pagan. Following his arrival, the first Mass was celebrated on the Islands, on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1521, and several rulers and hundreds of their people became Christians. Some 40 years later the Augustinian Father Urdaneta and his companions came with Legaspi to spread the faith. Within a century of Magellan's coming, the Franciscans, Dominicans, Jesuits and Recollects had joined the Augustinian pioneers and the missionary efforts of all were abundantly successful. Indeed, the people of the Philippines accepted Christianity so rapidly that they represent one of the greatest apostolic successes since the days of St. Patrick. While settlers in North America were zealously supplanting and slaughtering the Indians, the Spanish missionaries in the Philippines were taking pains to

**St. Columban, Nebr. July, 1940.*

promote the best interests of the native population. The friars and Jesuits converted the people, taught them manual crafts, including brick making and cement mixing, brought them to live in towns and villages, introduced wheat, coffee, potatoes and cotton, gave them an alphabet, installed printing presses and educated them. In 1611, 25 years before Harvard opened its doors and 90 years before Yale, Manila had a Catholic university for Filipinos, and it is still flourishing.

The air of the Philippines is vibrant with music. The folk music has a Spanish flavor, now gay, now wistful. It is oriental, too, but softer and sweeter than that of Japan or China. It is the music of Christian men who sing the songs of their fathers as they work long hours in far-eastern rice fields, of Christian women singing their mother's songs to their babies in bamboo and palm-leaf huts. It is the music of people who know how to dance with simple dignity, translating their daily actions into terms of rhythmic measure and graceful movement, the music of people who delight in a saint's fiesta and a religious procession.

Most people in Manila are English-speaking and so are most of the younger generation in the provinces. Their lives as well as their speech have been partly Americanized. Their warm but unboisterous friendliness, their quiet ease of movement, the soft inflection of their voices, the hint of latent fire be-

hind the good-humored smile of white teeth and bright eyes, their modest but ornate dress: these set them apart. They are orientals in feature, temperament and location, but they are spiritual worlds apart from the orientals one sees in Tokio or Peking. These are Christians to their fingertips. Here is an oriental nation, for 40 years under the American flag, but with stricter divorce laws than obtain anywhere in the U. S., except South Carolina, and with higher standards of personal behavior and family life than prevail in many parts of America and Europe.

The observant visitor to the Philippines will be impressed often. I can vouch for one who never saw any Filipino under the influence of alcohol. He never saw a Filipina woman, poor or rich, young or old, who did not carry herself with dignity and reserve. He never witnessed a brawl in the streets. He never received a rude answer. Doubtless the coarse and the loud and all that cheapens humanity can be found in the Philippines as elsewhere, but they are alien to traditional Filipino life and they find their condemnation within it. That is the difference between the Philippines, as they still are, and many parts of Europe and America, as they have become. In the Philippines a lapse from Christian standards is still a lapse.

If you wish to see Filipino Catholic life, a good place to see one phase is Malate church on the south side of

Manila city. Malate parish is staffed by St. Columban's priests. Call at the *convento* (since the old days when the friars had the parishes, the rectories are called *conventos* or monasteries) and Father John Henaghan or Father Patrick Kelly will tell you all about the parish. The spacious old stone church is never deserted. Little children running in for a visit before or after school, dark-veiled women going around the stations in twos, old people, young people: there is always somebody praying there. The school across the street is bursting its walls with 850 pupils. A Belgian Sister is principal, assisted by lay Filipina teachers and the priests. The fruits of this crowded, flourishing school are daily evident, but so is the need for a larger building. The parish of Malate has about 9,000 Catholics.

In the first year (1929) in which St. Columban's priests had Malate, 46,000 Holy Communions were received at its altar rail. In 1936 the total was 100,000. During the week of the Eucharistic Congress in February, 1937, Holy Communion was received 10,000 times in Malate.

Now let us see another and, alas, more general phase of Catholic life in the Philippines. To see it, you must leave Manila, boarding a Pantranco bus (they call it a truck) for the provinces. After a few hours' dusty ride along palm-fringed roads, past nipa-hut villages and through sun-baked but pleasant rural country, you will dismount

from the covered, open-sided truck at Morong or Binangonan or Silang or any of the other provincial parishes staffed by St. Columban's priests.

The young pastor in his white cassock comes out to greet you. You look up at his towering, dilapidated old church and the huge stone *convento* beside it and you experience a sharp sense of incongruity. This young priest against such a massive background seems so terribly slight, so lone. But there is another background that overshadows him more heavily still.

"How many Catholics in your parish, Father?"

In one parish the answer is 9,000. In another, 14,000. In another 18,000. Those figures are typical.

There's the picture that tells the story of the need in the Philippines today. The solitary priest; behind him, the large, moss-grown, broken-down old buildings; and the crushing weight of numbers in the thousands of baptized Catholics who are his people and whom he cannot possibly reach: that is the picture and once you have seen it close-up, you do not easily forget it.

"Is your congregation large, Father?" you ask, as you step out into the brilliant sunshine again.

"On my first Sunday here, I had eight," he tells you. "Now I have 150 or 200 at Mass every Sunday."

You remember that he spoke of 9,000 Catholics in the parish and you stare at him.

He explains. Many of the people live long distances from the church in rural villages. They have village chapels but it is impossible for the solitary priest to attend those chapels as well as this church. Others, and they are numerous, live fairly near, even in the town itself. Why do they not come? The answer is simple.

Most of the Spanish priests had to leave their Philippine parishes in 1898. Some places have never had a resident priest since then. Many parishes that need half a dozen priests have only one and sometimes he is a feeble old man. The Catholic population of five parishes staffed by St. Columban's priests in the Philippines adds up to 63,000 souls. Several dioceses in the U. S. have about the same number each and none of them has less than 100 priests. Five priests are trying to care for these 63,000 in the Philippines, and they have no Sisters helping them. The average, taking all 16 parishes in which our priests are laboring in the Philippines, is about 12,000 Catholics to each priest. That proportion would give the Catholics of the U. S. only 1,780 priests. Actually they have 33,000.

One day the young Filipino priests, now happily increasing, will be numerous enough to staff every parish in the Islands. But that day will not dawn tomorrow nor next year. In the

meantime, millions of Catholics, descendants of hard-won converts, are slipping away, each generation going faster and further than the one before. If the tide is not turned in our day, the priests of the future may have the sad task of re-converting a people once Catholic. And then it will be the harder task of winning them from a new modernized paganism, more obstinate than the old.

There were nearly 7 million people in the Philippines 40 years ago. Of these, 6 million were Catholics; the rest included Moros (Mohammedans) and pagan tribes. Today the population of the Philippines is given as 16 million. Of these more than 12 million are baptized Catholics; the others now include Protestants and members of a dying but still harmful native sect as well as non-Christians.

That is why St. Columban's Society has now 28 priests laboring in the Philippines and is about to send out five more. The cooperation most urgently needed would seem to be the gift of priests and teachers of religion and the means of training lay catechists.

Travelers have called the Philippines the "Pearl of the Orient." Spiritually, this nation of refined, lovable Catholic people, in its island setting near the great pagan populations of eastern Asia, is a Pearl of Great Price.

Religion is to be defended by dying ourselves, not by killing others.

Lactantius quoted in *Rebuilding a Lost Faith* by John L. Stoddard.

America's First Ave Maria

By F. VICKSTROM

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

Of romantic as well as historical interest is the story connected with the first recorded invocation of the Mother of God in America. This document, an inscription in runic characters on stone, dates back to the year 1362! In short, sharp sentences it gives us the plot of an amazing tale of white men, Christians, in America 130 years before Columbus.

The year of our Lord, 1354. Picture an America, wild, untamed, forests crowding down to the very banks of the Mississippi, a trackless wilderness, inhabited by wild animals and scattered tribes of savage Redmen; a country beautiful, mysterious, unknown.

Unknown? Not quite. For in Europe, Magnus Ericsson, king of Norway and Sweden, sits before an assembly of priests, lawyers and nobles. A great matter is being decided. The pope has sent money for King Magnus to use in sending missionaries to Russia. Unfortunately, the black plague has made the project impossible for the time being. The pious king is proposing an alternative, "Word has reached us that our colonies across the seas to the west are languishing for want of the consolations and ministrations of our holy Catholic religion. Certainly our Holy Father could have

no other wish now than to send aid to these distant sheep of his flock. Do you not think we should send missionaries to the West?"

Cheers of approval fill the great hall. Scores press forward offering their services as missionaries, catechists, soldiers, seamen. Carefully King Magnus chooses the men, picks the most zealous and faithful, the strongest, ablest.

Soon a long, dragon-prowed Viking ship is leaving Norway, its great striped sail vanishing into the West. Greenland is the first objective. Here religion has fallen into a sorry state through years of neglect and lack of priests. Here the missionaries of King Magnus' little band find work aplenty for several years.

From the Greenlanders they learn of another colony even farther west, in Vinland on the eastern coast of America. Bolder spirits of the expedition want to push on and find the far-western colony. Accompanied by a missionary, the hardy Norsemen turn their long, open boat once more into the stormy Atlantic. All goes well. They reach the eastern coast of America, their Vinland; down past Cape Cod they sail. Still not a trace of the lost colony. Northward they point their ship. Past the St. Lawrence, past Labrador

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. August, 1940.

and into the inland sea of Hudson Bay they sail.

Finally the little expedition reaches the southern extremity of Hudson Bay. Leaving ten men to watch the vessel, the other 30 barter with friendly *skrel-lings* (Indians) and for a few Scandinavian ornaments they obtain several birch-bark canoes.

Leaving Hudson Bay by the Nelson River, they pass through Lake Winnipeg and follow the Red River as far as Fergus Falls. Traveling almost 15 hours a day, these sturdy Vikings come over 1,000 miles in 14 days! Perhaps for the first time, Christians set foot upon Canadian soil and follow Canadian rivers down to the Great Lakes. After a series of portages they make camp near two rocky ledges on Pelican Lake in the west-central part of what is now Minnesota. What a strange coincidence—or is it?—that great numbers of Scandinavians of the 20th century inhabit the very region that their Viking ancestors discovered and explored in the 14th!

The adventurous band of Swedes and Norwegians are entranced with the country. The abundance of forests and lakes with their promise of game and fish, the fertile soil ready for the plow, the invigorating climate; this is a discovery indeed.

Like true Norsemen they immediately set about preparations for a day's fishing. Early in the morning 20 of them go off in the canoes, leaving the

others asleep in the camp. The fishing proves excellent. It is late before Paul Knutson, the leader, can turn his happy little band back towards the camp.

But a frightful scene meets their eyes as they ground their canoes on the beach. Strewn about the camp lie the bloody, mutilated bodies of their ten companions, scalped apparently by some fiendish enemy that had come upon them while they slept. Horror stricken, the returning men cross themselves and murmur a prayer. What enemy has done this terrible thing? Were they men or demons? Consternation seizes the survivors. Warriors? Yes, and ready to fight any foe, visible and in the open. But here an enemy had struck suddenly, silently, and then vanished into the forest.

Quickly they dig shallow graves. The priest gives the last blessing to the ten dead. Then, hastily packing their belongings, the 20 turn southwards. Fear lends strength. They do not stop until they are a full day's journey, 75 or 80 miles away from the massacre. Weary and saddened, the little band makes camp on a small island. Seated around a blazing fire they speak of the nameless terror that struck down their companions. May the Lord have mercy on them! Holy Mary pray for them! The saints guide them safely out of this land of hidden demons!

Thus do the jolly, laughing Northmen of the fishing trip speak in melancholy whispers. While the group hudd-

dles about the fire, the missionary bends over a long flat stone, dragged there into the firelight, and slowly and painstakingly he carves the record that is to tell us, nearly 600 years later, of the tragic fate of the first Christian expedition into the heart of America. And then he writes the first prayer to the Mother of God known to be written in America, *Ave Maria*. And immediately after, *Save us from evil*.

The inscription as interpreted in English reads:

8 Goths (Swedes) and 22 Norwegians on an exploring journey from Vinland very far west

We had a camp by 2 skerries (rocks in the water) one day's journey north from this stone.

We were out fishing one day. When we returned home we found 10 men red with blood and dead. AVE MARIA. Save us from evil.

Have 10 men by the sea to look after our vessel 14 days' journey from this island. Year 1362.

The next day Paul Knutson's party began the long trip northwards, leaving behind them the testimony of their faith and fate. Their journey was precipitate. Along the way they cast aside the heavier encumbrances of armor and weapons, unwittingly giving further evidence to future historians of their route to and from Minnesota. The expedition met with no further mishaps and reached Norway safely in 1364.

From the cryptic, graphic record left by the Norsemen, from documents in the Vatican archives, from the letters of King Magnus Ericsson and the events chronicled in the histories of Scandinavia, historians and scholars piece together the story of the earliest and most daring missionary and exploring expedition to leave a record in America. The great mass of evidence in favor of the authenticity of the document and the finding of many relics of Scandinavian armor along the trek of the intrepid Norsemen leave little room for skepticism. We know that Vinland (the American continent) was part of a bishopric, though a distant part, and sadly neglected.

Since the whole purpose of coming to Greenland and Vinland was to bring the ministrations of religion, it is not at all improbable that the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered on American soil by a Scandinavian priest before a fervently Catholic group of Vikings. Not that Catholics and Catholic priests had never knelt on American soil before; Leif Ericsson is known to have brought several clerics to Vinland as early as the year 1,000. And there are many recorded trips to America after that. But it is an historical eye-opener to realize that Catholic explorers and Catholic missionaries penetrated deep into the American continent 100 years before Europe began to dream of a Protestant "Reformation."

True God and True Man

By C. A. MUSGRAVE

Condensed from the *Catholic Gazette**

The hypostatic union of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity with a created humanity left that human nature untouched in its essential elements of body and soul. Christ as Man had a human consciousness; as Man He had a created intelligence, limited in itself because it was not infinite. He had a human will, free, as ours is free; and He had human emotions which in Him are called "passions," for, unlike ours since the fall, they were completely subject to His intellect and will. This immunity from concupiscence was consequent upon His freedom from sin, even Original Sin.

And just as concupiscence could not touch the soul of Christ, disease could not touch His body; death itself would have stood far off from the Lord of Life but for His own permission. There, indeed, He differs from us; for we cannot escape death. He alone of our race was offered *because He willed it*. What He willed He did. There was no law of His members fighting against the law of His mind.

Christ came on earth to atone for sin by suffering, and therefore the body that was fitted to Him was not made impassible by the beatific vision which the soul always enjoyed. Moreover,

except for the few instants of the transfiguration, the glory which was of right the property of His holy body was never permitted to appear. These restrictions He imposed upon it, because they were necessary to the fulfilling of His purpose: He could not "have come in and gone out amongst us" if the radiance which was properly His had perpetually enhaloed Him. Hence, too, He shut out from His soul the full consequence of the beatific vision, and, as He allowed His body to suffer, so also He allowed His soul, until in that culminating anguish of His abandonment on Calvary He seems to have withdrawn it so far from the contemplation of the unveiled divinity, that He who was the incarnate Word could feel so desolate as to cry out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

There was, however, never a moment in which Christ's human consciousness was ignorant of the personality of its owner. The strange theory sometimes put forward that His identity dawned upon Him gradually, that it was only slowly that He grew to understand the terrible reality, "I am God," is not only blasphemous but absurd. For Christ was not two persons joined in one humanity, but He had two natures in-

*The Mission House, 1a Brondesbury Park, N. W. 6, London, England. July, 1940.

hering in one personality; if, therefore, one of those natures were ever left in ignorance of His divinity, it would have been functioning apart from the person, and used not according to its nature but contrary to it.

Moreover, we are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews that "entering into this world He said, Behold I come. In the head of the book it is written of Me that I should do Thy will, O God." We are therefore sure that not only did Christ allow His divinity to be known instantly to His humanity, but that His human will's first impulse was simultaneous with its creation, when it accepted in its entirety the divine plan for our salvation. The first act of God-made-Man was to obey.

Now if in Christ there had been only one will, the divine; or if, though He might be said to have a human will, it were so closely constrained by His divinity as to lose its freedom, this obedience would have been without merit and therefore useless as the undoing of man's first disobedience; for there is no value in a forced submission. The view which makes of the Redemption the passive immolation of Christ as a helpless victim to the wrath of His heavenly Father, does honor to neither man nor God. In such a view Christ loses the essential dignity of His manhood, when that manhood has no free will; His Father becomes a tyrant and the Sacrifice of Calvary meaningless.

It was an essential element in the divine plan that what had been taken away wilfully by one man should be restored willingly by another; as in Adam we all fell, so in Christ we all rise. True, our Lord as Man already beheld the glory of God face to face; but, though He was *Comprehensor* He was *Viator* also. He really chose the cross, accepting the shame, and that is why He can be held up by St. Paul as our model; that is why St. Peter said that Christ suffered, leaving us an example that we should follow in His steps; that is why His food was to do the will of Him Who sent Him that He might perfect His work. He came not to do His own will but his Father's; and so He did always the things which pleased His Father. Hence, when Christ told us to pray that God's will might be done on earth as it is in heaven, He did not leave us without any pattern to follow; He said, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect"; but He translated that divine perfection into a human Life so that to all our questions He could answer, "Learn of Me."

It is true that Christ could not sin and we can; but it is also true that it was not always easy for Him to bring His human will to accept the Divine decrees; otherwise, why did He pray, "Remove this chalice from Me; but not what I will but what Thou wilt"? If there had never been any will of His apart from the divine, this prayer is in-

explicable; and if there had been no emotional recoil, why should He have been in such an agony that His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground? Indeed, He had a human will, and used it not to please Himself but to carry out His Father's wishes completely, in their tiniest details.

And it was harder because, even as Man, He had more than human knowledge of what was going to happen to Him. From the moment of His Incarnation, His human nature had come fully to the use of reason, and that, not merely to the use of a superb human instrument, but also to an intelligence already in possession of the beatific vision, and therefore one which knew all created things and their relations to one another. His mind, therefore, was fully aware of actualities. Some things, indeed, which He knew through that vision, or through His infused knowledge, were not communicable by Him to us; the time of the Day of Judgment, for instance; and of other things known to His human reason, into which was poured all knowledge possible to a creature. He could speak to His followers beforehand; and so we know from His own words that He knew not only the hour of His death but every circumstance of it; and knew it all His life, and lived with that knowledge. Moreover, His imagination could not exaggerate; He could not, so to speak, comfort

Himself with the hope, "Perhaps it will not be as bad as that"; He knew, accurately, as an angel knows; and that knowledge instructed His will; and His will, His human will, said "Yes." It was that which filled St. Paul with such passionate amazement; for, as he said to the Romans, "Scarce for a just man will one die . . . when as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us." Our Lord, then, knew why He died and for whom He was to suffer, and accepted it. So, speaking of His manhood no less than of His divinity, the apostle cried out: "Christ loved me, and delivered Himself up for me."

Joined to this infused knowledge, by which Christ knew all creature-knowledge, was His human experience; and hence He acquired information also as we acquire it, through His senses. Those bodily organs must have been sensitive to the slightest impression made upon them by natural phenomena; that is a logical deduction from their perfect immunity from disease or defect; hence His pleasures and His sufferings were necessarily more acute than any other's: there was nothing to dull the impact of joy or pain; and we know that when He had tasted the slight narcotic offered Him on Calvary He would not drink it.

The vivid descriptions He gave of the everyday world about Him, the clear little picture of a woman sweeping a house to find a coin; of a sower going out to scatter seed, and the eager

birds following his footsteps; of shepherds leading their sheep to pasture; the hundred and one little evidences He gave that nothing had escaped His attention, not the grass of the field nor the sparrow in the dust nor the frightened hen calling her chickens to her. No one ever spoke as this Man, so simply of such sublimities. And He asked questions too, as that is one of our human ways of gaining information. The same Evangelist who tells us that "He needed not that any man should tell Him anything, for He knew what was in man," shows Him asking the stricken sisters at Bethany: "Where have you laid him?"—the dead man He was to raise to life, and for whom, as Man, He wept.

For He shared, as we have said, our emotions, no less than our other qualities. He could be displeased, and show it; and He could be pleased, so easily, and show that too, to the over-

joyed Zaccheus and that woman who was a sinner. He did feel acutely what we all feel in the face of calculated rudeness, not one of the slights Simon the Pharisee had put upon Him had He missed. The perfect humanity of Christ was not dehumanized; there was nothing of the stoic contempt for ordinary human feelings about it. "The whole world went after Him." True, some of it was "cupboard love"; but it was surely not only His miracles that made that huge crowd of men, women and children forget even their hunger for the three days they were with Him in the desert. "And if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself"—and that not only because He was God but because He was Man as well; such a Man, St. Paul said, that every other man might try and grow up to His stature: God's perfect humanity in Jesus Christ our Lord.



Someone has said that we shall have better times when we have better men. Whatever else free government strives to accomplish by means of education, its first aim must be to inculcate sound and solid virtue, because virtue is the only guarantee of happiness. Because they love their country, its institutions and its ideals, and because they are resolved to safeguard it to the utmost of their ability, the Catholic citizens of the U. S. out of their meager resources are maintaining schools where children and youth are taught that they must love God above all things, with all their heart and soul and mind and strength, and that the proof of their love of God is their love of their fellow man.

Dr. George Johnson in the *Atlantic Monthly* (April '40).

Before Stanley and Livingstone

Candid criticism

By JOSEPH B. MURPHY, C.S.Sp.

Condensed from the *Medical Missionary**

I appreciated Spencer Tracy in *Stanley and Livingstone* far more than millions of others who have seen it. It brought back most vividly memories of the land where I had spent several years. The background of the film was actually photographed in Tanganyika, East Africa. The natives spoke correct *Swahili*. But, for all the excellence of the screen story, I could not suppress a tiny, tolerant smile. *Stanley and Livingstone* painted those two gentlemen as the men who opened Africa to the outside world. The story gave us the impression that Livingstone was among the first and greatest of African missionaries; that he carried the British flag into the so-called Dark Continent and set it up, the first flag of a civilized people to be planted in Equatorial Africa.

I smiled a tolerant smile because I knew of a greater missionary than Livingstone who had gone into tropical Africa 30 years before the Englishman, and who had carried with him the Stars and Stripes of our own U. S. That man was Bishop Edward Barron of Philadelphia. The story of his life, if made into a motion picture, would provide a tale of history, adventure and romance which would surpass the epic *Stanley and Livingstone*. But his

was a heroism which seems to have been overlooked by historians. The *Catholic Dictionary* gives him only seven short lines.

Edward Barron was born in Ireland in 1801. Born with the heart of a missionary, he sailed for the U. S. after his ordination and was received into the diocese of Philadelphia. He became pastor of St. Mary's Church and later was named rector of the new St. Charles Borromeo Seminary and also vicar general of the diocese.

Forty years before the outbreak of the Civil War there was an active movement in the States to liberate the colored slaves of the country. In 1820 the American Colonization Society procured the territory of Liberia on the West Coast of Africa and populated it with liberated slaves for whom the society provided transportation. Liberia happens to be the only free state in all the continent of Africa; the only government conducted by Africans for Africans. It has a population of $2\frac{1}{2}$ million people scattered over an area of 43,000 square miles. Among the early settlers of Liberia were a number of Catholic Negroes. It was for them that Father Barron gave up his title as vicar general and sailed for Africa, the first Catholic missionary to

*Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Brookland Sta., Washington, D. C. September, 1940.

Africa since the downfall of the early Christian Church in the 6th century.

From 1840 to 1843 Father Barron looked after the souls of Liberia's Catholic population. He must have traveled outside the boundaries of Liberia and come into contact with the savages of the neighboring Guineas, and of Sierra Leone, the infamous "White Man's Grave." He went to Rome and requested permission to start missions among the peoples of Sierra Leone, and French and Portuguese Guinea. The Holy Father not only heard his petition, but consecrated him vicar apostolic of a territory which comprised the two Guineas, Liberia and Sierra Leone.

Spiritual ruler of one of the largest vicariates of the Church, Bishop Barron had not a single missionary to help him! His faith took him to the shrine of Our Lady of Victories, in Paris. There, after Mass one morning, he met a newly-ordained priest who was to provide the missionaries Bishop Barron sought.

Father Francis Libermann, C. S. Sp., had been ordained only two years before, but he was superior general of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Born Jacob Libermann, son of a Jewish rabbi, he went to a rabbinical school in Paris. While there he was converted to the Catholic faith, was baptized and entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice. He was stricken with epilepsy, a disease which delayed his ordination 15

years. During that time he lived in several seminaries. His sanctity was recognized, and when God finally saw fit to allow him to receive Holy Orders, Father Libermann was already prepared to organize the Holy Ghost Fathers as a congregation to work for the abandoned souls in places where the Holy See had difficulty in placing missionaries.

When Bishop Barron and Father Libermann met in Paris, the convert priest agreed to send seven of his Holy Ghost Fathers to Africa with Bishop Barron. They arrived in West Africa in October, 1843. Less than two years later, all but one were dead. Bishop Barron was so ill that he was forced to return to the U. S. He died in Savannah, Ga., and rests there; those who pass his simple grave are all unknowing that there lies the man who brought Christ to modern Africa.

Bishop Barron planted the seed, but died before the harvest. Father Libermann continued to send Holy Ghost Fathers to the dreaded fever-laden West Coast. One succeeded Bishop Barron as vicar apostolic. Today that territory is broken up into about seven vicariates, and West Africa boasts the world's largest Catholic missions. Several of the Holy Ghost Fathers' missions, or parishes, on the West Coast have more than 20,000 Catholics each.

Of course, history will always tell how Livingstone brought the first civilized flag to Equatorial Africa. It will

always glorify Stanley for his daring explorations. We hope history will pardon our knowing smile when we think of the Stars and Stripes fluttering in one of those rare African breezes

while Livingstone was yet in Bible school, or when we recall the man who brought light to Africa while Henry Stanley, the boy, read wonderingly of the mysterious "Dark Continent."



Love and a Standard

About a year ago I spent a memorable three hours at a luncheon with Dr. Alexis Carrel. The great scientist shocked me by saying that in his opinion Hitler was invincible. "Why?" I asked. "Because he has love on his side," replied Carrel. "Hitler has love on his side?" I repeated incredulously. "Yes," said the scientist. "Hitler loves Germany. Perhaps he only loves himself and identifies himself with Germany, but that does not matter. The point is that he loves his country with such passion, such concentrated zeal, that he draws to himself unknown forces that work with him and strengthen him. The opposition to Hitler is all negative. Until Frenchmen love what they have, until Englishmen and Americans love what they have as much as Hitler loves Germany, they cannot prevail against him. We need to love democracy as Hitler loves tyranny."

Fulton Oursler in *Liberty* (17 Aug. '40).



Democracy cannot be made to work by people who think it enlightened to be cynical, grasping, concerned with the expediency of the moment, and contemptuous of all standards which transcend it. There is not enough intelligence or character in this way of life to govern a nation successfully. For democracy was founded by men who had the conviction that there is truth and that there is good and evil; it was never meant for men who reject this view of life, and insofar—and it is now very far—as the democracies have fallen into disbelief and unfaith, they are in a desperately dangerous muddle about everything that matters most to themselves and their children.

Walter Lippmann quoted in the *Magnificat* (July '40).

An Unknown Tongue

By DONALD ATTWATER

To pray intelligently

Condensed from the *Church and the People**

It is being increasingly widely recognized that the greatest difficulty in the way of corporate participation in the Roman liturgy, and the source of many ills, is the use of a language which the people do not understand.

Here it must be emphasized that the Church has not, and never has had any principle of a non-vernacular liturgy. Ours is in Latin today precisely because the time came when Catholics in Italy and North Africa no longer understood Greek, and among the orientals, both Catholic and non-Catholic, vernacular or quasi-vernacular liturgies are normal to this day. There is no reason why a Latin Catholic should not openly advocate a change of language, prudently, patiently and respectfully.

It is sufficiently obvious why the use of an unknown tongue is a huge difficulty in the way of active public worship, but a word must be said about the common contention that a sufficient knowledge of Latin for liturgical purposes can be easily acquired. If it be merely a matter of the responses at Mass, etc., well and good; if anything more be meant, it is fantastically untrue. If you doubt it, try a few hours experimenting in, say, any country parish. To worship in Latin intelli-

gently, attentively and devoutly, no less than a fair working knowledge of the language is required. "English missals" is no answer, for to keep one eye on the text and the other on the translation (even if one be able to read easily, which many are not) is to divide the mind, to be in a perpetual state of fussy distraction. I do not suggest that with right intention to pray and praise in words that we do not at all or fully understand is a worthless exercise; far from it; but to say that it is the best or even a desirable way is to ignore human psychology, and to ignore the function of one of the greatest of human attributes, articulate speech; it does not seem altogether rational to speak most high and intimate things in words we do not understand, even though the all-knowing Hearer understands them.

This difficulty about Latin is nothing new. It began in the Middle Ages and was a principal factor in the emergence of unliturgical worship, "uncorporate" religion; it contributed to the rise of "popular devotions" in English and French and German, and so on, and helped to divide the Western Church almost into two castes, clerics and the rest. And now today, consciousness that our magnificent, deeply loved

* *Prinknash Priory, Gloucester, England. July, 1940.*

Latin liturgy is not an unmixed blessing is becoming more and more widespread among those who use it.

Nowadays the primitive division of the Eucharistic liturgy into the Mass of the learners (catechumens), and the Mass of the faithful is more clearly marked in the Roman than in any other liturgy, from the fact that the whole of the canon is said in an inaudible voice, with the people "doing nothing." This has suggested the idea that in parish churches the Mass of the learners should be in the vernacular, leaving the silent canon in Latin. As its name and content imply, the first part of the Mass is meant particularly for our instruction, and to have it in a language we understand would be doubly appropriate. As a first step towards this, it might be introduced that the Epistle and Gospel at public low Mass should be read by the priest in English (instead of Latin), facing the people; and at sung Mass be sung in English, thus doing away with the present rather clumsy duplicating (at solemn Mass, triplicating!) of the scriptural lessons.

To the above it seems there should certainly be added the singing of *all* the proper in English, for that important element of the Mass is the one least appreciated and understood by the people; and how often at a "sung Mass" it is, regardless of the Church's directions, left out, partly or entirely. Moreover, this would at one stroke do

away with some of our perennial trouble about the singing.

In some countries, more and more use of the vernacular alone is being made in the rites of Baptism, marriage, churching and so forth. This surely is pure gain, both in emphasizing the reality and nature of what is being done and in the fittingness of the manner of doing it. The custom of saying certain prayers in Latin and repeating them in English is both clumsy and undignified, and to some observers such a practice seems unreasonable in itself.

To surmount one difficulty is always to encounter a fresh one; if we avoid a meaningless tongue we are faced with the delicate matter of translation. When I advocate more English in divine worship I mean a living but not a colloquial language; a liturgical vernacular has got to be more or less hieratic, and when I say *hieratic* I do not mean a latinized jargon such as no Englishman ever used in daily life. Most of our current translations are one of the best arguments for a Latin liturgy. "Vessel of singular devotion," "Bread of fatness and royal dainties," "Loaded down with opprobrium," "The wicked have wrought upon my back": these are unintelligible everywhere.

Among the rank and file of Catholics there is no demand for more vernacular in the liturgy. Of course there isn't; neither is there a demand for "more liturgy." *But there would be if they*

knew what they were missing. Insofar as such a thing can or should be "regulated," the spiritual life of the Church is not regulated by a counting

of votes. It is permissible to believe that a better-understood liturgy would have equally good and unforeseen results.



The Vernacular

Condensed from *Orate Fratres**

I heard it when I was in the seminary. The narrator, it seems, now retreat master, was once a missionary. He told of landing on the shores of darkest Africa, marching inland for days and days until the two other priests and natives were all but exhausted. On the tenth day one of the priests became ill, the party made camp on the bank of a river. There they remained trying in vain to save the sick man's life. He died. They buried him and the only sound was the melancholy beat of the surf against the rock-bound shore. So great was their grief that they found themselves unable to read the ritual, so they put the book away and said some Our Fathers and Hail Marys for the peace of his soul as they covered his body with earth.

Obviously the man was a fabricator, or else a person of remarkable hearing, else how could he hear the ocean when he was a ten-days' march from the shore?

I used to wonder a great deal about that aspect of the story then, and, I

must confess, tell it often as an example of a preacher who let his zeal eat up his house. Now I wonder more about the second part—where they were unable to read the ritual—because it seems like a symbol of the race of Christians, at least in the U. S.

Not from grief, but from inculpable ignorance, they have put the book away and content themselves with saying Our Fathers and Hail Marys—and mighty little else.

They are poverty stricken. They eke out a spiritual existence on nothing but Our Fathers and Hail Marys. This needs no proof. Let penitents reflect how infrequently they get anything else for penance. In my own memory I said nothing else for my frequent penances until I had become a priest, when were added the *De Profundis* or *Miserere* once in a while.

We fall back on Our Fathers and Hail Marys whenever. At funerals five or ten must be said to perfect the ritual of absolution. At the grave a few must be said before leaving the body, though

*St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., July 21, 1940.

none is asked by the ritual. We don't say the Office of the Dead, only Our Fathers and Hail Marys. A man from Mars would conclude that both clergy and laity know how to say no other prayers.

There are other prayers in our possession. The Psalms, for example. But Catholics do not know the Psalms; they know only the 150 Hail Marys of the Rosary which have taken their place. I have always wanted to know what would happen if college graduates were asked to write from memory any two of the 150 Psalms. My guess is not one in 50 would be able to write even one.

It would be fine, of course, if they knew them. It would be fine if they knew them in Latin, but who would hold that ideal as possible? In my own diocese the priests used to say the Office in Latin during retreat, until their performance of it became so unsatisfactory that it was stopped entirely and each one went back to the solitary devotion of saying it alone in his own fashion.

One can hardly hope that layfolk will succeed where the clergy have

failed and, therefore, if layfolk are to have the Psalms, the Psalms have to be in English.

If they knew the Psalms in English they could carry out some of the hours of the Office in English. This seems to be all right with the Congregation of Rites if the people are regarded as engaging in devotions, *i. e.*, if it is not regarded strictly as a canonical hour.

They might even learn to sing *Tenebrae* and we should be delivered from the agony of listening to choirs who, I have often thought, would do much better if they would put away the books and say Our Fathers and Hail Marys.

Whenever I have advocated this in conversations, someone always says, "You cannot sing Gregorian melodies in English texts." To which I say, "Nonsense. It has been done many times and the Gregorian melodies sound better to English words, if the translation is done intelligently. Many places have Compline in English."

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the Knights of Columbus would some day go to Mr. Kelly's wake and chant the *Office of the Dead* for the repose of his soul?



In condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors—all the ancient priests, bishops, and kings. For what have we taught, however you may qualify it with the odious name of treason, that they did not uniformly teach? To be condemned with these lights—not of England only, but of the world—by their degenerate descendants is both gladness and glory to us.

Edmund Campion, S. J., to his prosecutors, quoted in *Another Mexico* by Graham Greene (Viking: 1939).

Louvain Remembered

By W. B. ISHERWOOD

We shall never perpetuate hatred

Condensed from *Extension**

Louvain is in ruins. Ancient citadel of Catholic culture; home of all that is best in a country where so much is good; twice martyred, now, in a generation. Remembering the Corpus Christi processions, it all seemed suddenly unbearable.

They were so huge, and (if one may say it about the King's progress) so brilliantly informal. Everyone marched for miles through all those winding streets: clergy, university students, Boy Scouts, shopkeepers, soldiers, toddling babies; and those who were too old or too young to stay the whole course dropped in and out with happy spontaneity. Sometimes odd and delightful quirks of civic geography led you into the tail end of the same parade, still slowly moving in the opposite direction. Hundreds of people whose common bond was that here, despite appearances, they followed the same way. And the slow ripple of progressive kneeling swept along the crowded sidewalks. Then Benediction from the high, canopied altar in the market place, with the great hollow square of kneeling people and the sudden staccato bark of an army voice blunting itself in command against the heavy outdoors silence; and the instant rhythmic patter of handled rifles as the stiff

soldiers presented arms. And after that, the little, far-off flash of the monstrance and the bugles crying the royal salute.

I remember, too (no anti-climax), a first-year theologian who knelt next to me; a lad from Iowa, six months removed; and the way his eyes flickered when the bugles shrilled. "Boy," he murmured, "that's something." He was utterly right. It was Something; and the whole point was that it was Something he shared with me, a North-of-England man, and that we both shared with the ample old lady in wooden shoes ahead of us and with the toddlers who strewed rose petals over everything.

And, today, the streets that were fragrant with flowers for our Lord are splotted with blood and nameless filth; the ample old lady, in the form of thousands of her sisters, is dragging numbly along another road: a very *via dolorosa*. Along this way for days they "Limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind." A new procession this year! And, what's worse, all the things for which the old one stood, all the decencies, sanctities and loyalties of Christian sanity, quite overcome and, for a mysterious while, swept away. The children, who were dearest of all to Him, will be old enough now to

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. August, 1940.

know what's happening, to be sick with horror.

Last week, said the reports, the Germans were driven out for a while, after "strongly consolidating their position at the station." I thought of how often I had paced those long platforms, waiting for trains to set me on my way to Brussels, Bruges, Ostend. Before it, in the Place de la Gare, rose the inevitable and ironic memorial of that other war. The bullets must have chipped and spattered against that with a keener lust. The men it named were dead, but corporate life is more durable; you can murder a city twice. Bullets that "long to nuzzle in the hearts of lads" must have angrily flicked, with their dull, hateful whine, at the *marioniers*, the great glossy chestnut trees along the boulevard. When did the shattering roar of the poised dive bombers begin, I wonder; and where did the tall, pale flowers of fire first spring from their poisonous seed? Which of the thronging towers and steeples first spread and sank with a death cry of bells? No matter; my *Alma Mater* is dead. My heart cries out.

Not only my heart, I think, nor merely those others that she shaped and made aware, but the hearts of Catholics everywhere, and of American Catholics especially. For the ties of Belgium's greatest university with the Church in this country are especially strong. From its American College have gone forth, since the middle of the

last century, over a score of bishops and some 1,500 priests whose love and labor were wholeheartedly for America; and most of all, the America of the missions.

In the long years since its founding, by a bull of Pope Martin V in 1425, the university has been no stranger to persecution. It was twice suppressed: once by Emperor Joseph II and again, in 1797, by the French after their annexation of the Netherlands. But it remained for the 20th century to wreak on it the full fury of that unique savagery lurking so terribly beneath the thin civilized veneer of modern materialism. This is appropriate enough, for Louvain has been for 500 years the home of all that is at once most loyal and liberal in Catholic thought. It has remained unalterably opposed to the bleak, intellectual deviousness of zealot and pagan alike; how could it freely coexist with the philosophy of the day in Europe?

In 1914, both city and university were burned. Perhaps one of the greatest single losses of that unhappy time was the complete destruction of the great university library, with its wealth of priceless manuscripts and its 250,000 printed volumes. It was then housed in what had been in the 13th century the great Guild Hall of the clothworkers of Flanders; nothing was left of it all but charred and smoking ruins. But I was to see a part, at least, of the sacrifice and quiet heroism that

went into the resurrection of that ancient town.

When I went into residence at the university, they had just managed to get the roof back on the collegiate church of St. Pierre. The whole nave had been knocked in as though someone had hit it with a gigantic fist; hunks of magnificent Gothic still lay around in the form of dusty rubble. Services were conducted in a little bit of the transept that had been left untouched, with a wooden barricade shutting off the ruined part. It wasn't for years that they opened the whole nave for the Mass of the Holy Ghost at the beginning of one autumn term and I really got a look at it. It took one's breath away. I didn't know they could build Gothic like that nowadays.

I couldn't help thinking, then, of a poor patient spider throwing out his airy traverses again after some blind blunderer had torn them down, and wondering if and when history would repeat itself. There was the whole life and effort of a people, its will to *be* (of which we're hearing so much just now) and to think, and to worship God if it would, in those soaring arches; and in the hundreds of modern shops and houses with their stone plaques over each door marked with a flaming sword and the figures "1914"; in the numbers of these and their contrast with the weathered surviving bits of the ancient town, you could gauge the extent of the material calamity, at

least. And the more you saw of the people, even those who bitterly cherished their hate, the closer you came to realizing that this, thank God, had after all been the worst thing. For the people were not stultified nor brutalized; the faith was in them, and mountains of sorrow and poverty and oppression were moved by it. The small music of the trowels against their stone cried out: "Behold, we live!"

There was another kind of achievement, of especial interest to Americans, in the great library, built to replace the priceless treasure house that fell with the other university buildings. The new one covered a whole square block and bore dozens of foundation stones in the name of almost every college and university in the U. S. Its architect, Mr. Whitney Warren, expert in early Flemish forms, was American also. Every stone in the magnificent whole was a happy tribute to American liberality and discrimination, for every cent of the \$500,000 which it cost was raised by subscription in this country. That, too, I watched grow until, on July 4, 1932, it was dedicated with the American ambassador to Belgium, and Leopold and Astrid, crown prince and princess then, and the whole Belgian hierarchy assisting. Today, it lies again in smoking ruins, and with it the 700,000 books it housed.

There is an odd and revealing incident connected with that dedication which it may be well to ponder. It

began as nothing more than a sort of "town and gown" row, but it was quickly elevated, as such things can be, to the status of an almost national issue. A wild claim was made that Cardinal Mercier had, before his death, sanctioned a plan to emblazon an anti-German motto across the full facade of the building. Bishop Paulin Laduze, rector magnificus of the university, would have none of it. Students and townspeople fought it out; there were arrests and editorials and counter-

editorials. Planes scattered pamphlets; the library was defaced the night before its dedication. But the rector stood firm. He said this fine thing, "We shall never abuse this token of charity to perpetuate hatred." Those were the words of a scholar whose wisdom was not of the world but of Christ. In men like this, Louvain will always live. He died a few weeks before his country was once more invaded; but he saved that noble building from a worse thing than its present fate.



Actress Remembers

A friend and I purchased some flowers to decorate our Lady's altar in the church of a country town where we had just arrived and where we were to act that night. While engaged at our work a priest entered from the sacristy and stood watching its progress. I had warned my friend beforehand not to mention my name, fearing that a possible prejudice against the stage might cause a refusal of my flowers. The good Father expressed himself greatly pleased with our decorations.

"Have you been long in town?" he questioned.

"We arrived only this morning," I answered.

"Where have you come from, if I may ask?"

A blank seized my mind. Having visited a new city every day for four weeks, I could not think from what town we had just come, and foolishly answered, "I—I don't know." His Reverence looked surprised; and wishing, no doubt, to relieve my embarrassment, asked if we were to remain long. On being told that we were leaving that night, he naturally inquired where we were going. In my confusion I again foolishly answered, "I—I don't know." He looked at me with great wonder and, with a distant "Good morning," went back into the sacristy. My friend was interrogated in the same way, and answered much as I had done. The astonished Father then left hurriedly, thinking, no doubt, that his church was in the possession of two escaped lunatics.

Mary Anderson in her *Memoirs* quoted by Doran Hurley in the *Sign* (Aug. '40).

How Honest Are People?

By E. E. MICHENER

Thieves not in jail

Condensed from the *New Era**

Some time ago a telephone company installed a pay phone in the girls' dormitory of a Wisconsin college. At the end of the month a collector took out 17 slugs, five pennies, and one nickel.

"People are honest," the moralist insists. But does he act it? Like other people, he carries in his pocket five to 25 bits of oddly-shaped metal as evidence of how much he trusts his fellowman: keys, two or three for his car, which he locks every time he steps out of it; keys for his gas tank, his garage, his house, his tool box, his liquor cabinet, his country club locker, and for any other locker, cabinet, or drawer which contains anything he values.

In addition, he's always watching to see that no one gyps him. He signs nothing he hasn't read, balks at cashing checks, demands receipts, wouldn't buy a \$20 gold piece at half price, secretly keeps tab on his opponent's golf score, is suspicious of all men's motives, tries to see that none of his friends has a chance to slip a knife into his back and, sometimes, hires detectives to watch his wife.

It may be supposed that the best, and therefore, the most honest, people

travel. The Pullman Company last year reported 42,646 towels stolen by passengers. Fraud insurance in the U. S. amounted to \$12 million. A Washington, D. C., hotel that marked all its "movable" property, such as linen and silverware, was forced by acquisitive guests to mark even its cuspidors!

Department stores, utilities, and other big corporations which deal directly with the public learn a great deal about its moral behavior. That's why the exit turnstiles on the El turn only one way; why most libraries require a borrower to have two property owners endorse his card; why businesses display a sign at the cashier's cage, "No Corrections Made After Leaving the Window" and why pay phones in many cities operate only with tokens.

Nor do corporations place any unnecessary faith in the rectitude of their employees. Go into any factory and you'll find a watchman at the time clock to see that no worker punches in for some one else; stores hire detectives to spy on their personnel, and use ingenious sales-slip, cash-register systems to discourage "knocking down." A hat-checking firm in the East thoughtfully provides for its army of hat-check girls, working on a flat salary, uniform

*U. S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kan., as reprinted in the *Candle*, Wisconsin State Prison, Waupun, Wis. August, 1940.

dresses without a single pocket in which to secrete tips.

Psychologists are always devising ways to test the honesty of people, and their findings are not exactly encouraging. In recent tests, in the public schools of Philadelphia, a number of classes were given a geography exam. The questions were written beforehand on one part of the blackboard, and the answers, shielded by a map, on another. When the exam was nearly over the teacher left the room. A moment later, apparently by accident, the map fell down, exposing the answers. From the specially prepared papers used it was determined that approximately 3/5 of the pupils had erased faulty answers and written in the correct ones. Other tests, such as the one where a department store gave extra change to its customers to find out how many would return it, gave even less favorable results.

There are plenty of honest people, of course, but a great many of them seem to be troubled with blind spots in their moral vision. There's a more or less popular belief, for instance, that it's perfectly all right to cheat the government, the railroads, or the gas and electric companies: they have so much money anyhow. Many a nice old lady who wouldn't dream of stealing so much as a pin, has no slightest qualm about having her boy, Henry, who'll be 19 come turnip time, wear short pants on a train trip in order to get by

on half fare. Respected and self-respecting businessmen consider it smart to juggle the ownership of a block of Continental Tin to escape income taxes on it. Highly paid professional men and wealthy dowagers often have consciences elastic enough to cover jewel smuggling.

One of the most ironic things about American honesty, however, is the fact that many concerns which wouldn't think of hiring an ex-convict, daily engage in practices as fundamentally dishonest, though they may be legal, as anything the convict did to get in jail. As an example, take a well-known company that manufactures a liquid for soothing the eyes. The ingredient used in making it costs them approximately 5c a gallon. They retail it at \$28 a gallon. Further, because the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act prohibits the use of false or misleading claims on a product container, this company makes no claims on the bottle label, but in other forms of advertising, where the act doesn't apply, they guarantee their "eye cure" in the most glowing terms.

Any sensible person knows that a large percentage of the advertising he hears and reads consists of lies. Less is known, however, of the fact that nearly all manufacturing companies hire experts to design their containers and use optical illusions to make the customer think he's getting more for his money than he really is. Cereal

companies, for instance, use tall, partially filled boxes printed in bold contrasting patterns, which materially serve to increase their apparent size. Toothpaste companies try to get their tubes as slender and long as possible without having them appear spindly. The tubes contain less that way but seem to contain more.

These are more or less polite forms by which manufacturers bilk the public out of billions yearly. Other forms widely practiced are cheating on quality and adulteration.

Reading the papers, one must soon come to the conclusion that the public is composed largely of individuals who think their neighbors are no better than

themselves, and mistrust them because of it. The news items prove it. A housewife uses handcuffs so the milkman can handcuff the milk bottle to the porch railing. A cigar store, losing a great many chocolate bars from its display stocks, put beveled blocks of wood inside the wrappers. Banks photograph checks. Everywhere, people take more and more elaborate precautions to protect their property against each other.

Is it any wonder that the convict laughs? What amuses him is not, of course, people's dishonesty, but their hypocrisy. And if his laugh is a little bitter it is because he's the goat. He's been caught and officially branded.



Russell Clinic

Apropos all the tohu-bohu about Bertrand Russell and City College, comes to hand from Roscoe Peacock, the demon correspondent of North Cohocton, the anecdote concerning the Russells' Beacon Hill School in Hampshire, about two hours' drive out of London. The design was to bring up children free from all restrictive inhibitions of any sort, and to this end they took in 20 or 30 tots, including their own son and daughter, who were to be allowed to do anything, short of attacking each other with the fire tongs, that they might please. They were from two to 13 in age, and were permitted to dress or go naked, eat, sleep, amuse themselves, when, where and, within reason, as they pleased. Unwarned of the precise nature of the institution, a friend of the Russells' dropped in one day. The door was opened by a girl of nine, quite, entirely and unabashedly nude. "My God!" exclaimed the startled caller. "There is no God!" proclaimed the young miss, and shut the door in his face.

Lucius Beebe in the New York *Herald-Tribune* quoted in the *Sign* (Aug. '40).

The White Witch

Ingenious girl

By MICHAEL CAHILL

Condensed from the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

Last June the organ of the League of the Sacred Heart for Spain gave a few details about the girl who became known as the White Witch during the persecution of the Church in those parts of Spain that were held by the Reds.

During the Spanish Civil War there were, in most of the places under Red rule, many acts of heroism. The city of Gijon was a Red stronghold. There, until the Reds were routed, the persecution of priests was especially cruel and fierce. On the morning of July 19, when the war began, Mass was celebrated publicly for the last time until the Nationalist forces occupied the city. It then became a crime punishable by death. So it was necessary to find means to offer the Holy Sacrifice in secret and, if possible, to avoid the death penalty for so doing. It was not enough to be heroic, it was necessary also to be alert, clever and inventive.

Father José Lles began the secret Eucharistic labor which was like a renewal of the life of the catacombs. He had learned by radio of the exemptions accorded by Pope Pius XI which enabled priests in the Red zones to dispense with the usual rules of the liturgy in celebrating Mass. On Aug. 15, the

feast of the Assumption, in his hiding-place, using an ordinary table on which he had placed a relic, he offered Mass, which was attended by the family with whom he dwelt and a number of trustworthy persons who were invited. This continued until Sept. 27, when a group of secret police discovered him, tortured him, and, in a public square, shot him.

But he had had time to organize what afterward was called the Central Tabernacle, with a number of lay helpers who bore the Blessed Sacrament thence and distributed Holy Communion to persons throughout the city. The Central Tabernacle was established in the home of an old woman. Large numbers of consecrated Hosts were kept in a cunningly contrived receptacle. On one floor of the house there were in hiding for a time a group of Vincentians who had taken charge of a soup kitchen. These priests, during the night, formed an adoring guard for the Holy Eucharist.

Little by little the Central Tabernacle became known to fugitive priests. They came, offered the Holy Sacrifice and renewed the supply of Hosts. One priest did not come when expected. He had been arrested and, in his turn, shot. Yet there was need for more and more

*160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Ont., Canada. August, 1940.

Hosts, for distribution to faithful Catholics.

Brave young girls offered themselves as distributors of Holy Communion. One of them, a servant girl, was called by those who knew of her exploits the "White Witch." She told about a few of her adventurous missions: "I was chosen and our Lord made of my bosom a tabernacle upon which He allowed Himself to be borne to His children. How many times I passed, pressing my Treasure against my heart, in the midst of priest hunters and dynamiters. I looked at them, proudly, straight in the face. It would have been unwise to lower my eyes in devotion. But in the depths of my soul I invoked Him Whom I bore: 'Jesus,' I said to Him, 'they persecute Thee. Yet Thou art close to them. Bless them and make them know and love Thee.'"

It was the White Witch who established in the neighborhood of the Central Tabernacle about 40 depositaries of consecrated Hosts whence our Lord in the Holy Eucharist went forth to every corner of the city and even into the suburbs and neighboring villages.

In all the houses where the Blessed Sacrament was kept efforts were made to have adorers on guard day and night. Holy Hours were organized. At the Central Tabernacle, Holy Thursday was celebrated with all solemnity. Forty attended Mass and received Communion that morning, then left

carrying with them the sacred Hosts for distribution throughout the city.

We do not know exactly the number of Masses celebrated, or Communion distributed. But the White Witch and her companions alone distributed 34,562. The Assumptionists distributed 5,000 small Hosts and 400 capsules.

What were these famous capsules? There were in Gijon many Catholics imprisoned because of their faith. Holy Communion was for them both strength and joy. But how was anyone to get Holy Communion to them?

"That," said the White Witch, "was our big problem. Then a priest had a brilliant idea. He knew a doctor who had not been taken by the Reds and who lived near us. He was on the staff of the hospital. We asked him to get empty capsules into which we might enclose the divine Remedy. He did. Soon afterward he was arrested and imprisoned. But the means to carry Jesus into the prisons had been found."

One fine morning the White Witch started off with her precious Treasure in an envelope. Particles of the consecrated Host had been reverently placed in the capsules by a priest. The White Witch persuaded the guards to take them as a remedy to a woman prisoner. Next day she received this very innocent acknowledgment: "The remedy was duly handed to me."

In one prison the capsules were de-

livered to a priest by a Catholic guard. In the early morning, prisoners who were in the secret passed the priest's cell and received Holy Communion. It was possible for some of them to receive Holy Communion daily.

Prisoners were taken from the city jails and put aboard a ship in the harbor. Luckily the captain was a strong Catholic. Thanks to him the divine Remedy was frequently distributed. Since prisoners there were often condemned to death, their piety became very ardent, their desire for frequent Communion stronger.

In one prison on a First Friday, the prisoners, expecting the arrival of the capsules, rose at three in the morning to receive Holy Communion. But the capsules had not come! Breakfast time came. They refused to eat. At ten o'clock a woman whose husband was one of the prisoners came to the door. She carried food for her husband, asked the sentinel to see that it reached him. Turning to go, she drew from her bag a little box of the kind used by druggists.

"Would you please give this to Mrs. So-and-So? She has stomach trouble. These capsules are good for her. She should have them quickly."

The man opened the box, saw only capsules. A supervisor took the packet to the woman. Thus, at ten o'clock, the prisoners who had been waiting since three received Holy Communion.

Prisoners were sent to danger zones

in battalions of discipline. The lay missionaries of the Eucharist followed them. Here greater courage, prudence, and resourcefulness were necessary. There were spies everywhere. Many were arrested, suspected of belonging to the "white helpers." The lay missionaries rejoiced in the name given them by the Reds. The two words defined their apostolate neatly.

Now there were long distances to travel. Two girls bearing the Blessed Sacrament set off one day for San Esteban de las Cruces. The journey was very tiring. But they were joyful when the guards let them pass. "I held to my heart," said one of them, "the box that contained the great Mystery. Interiorly, I prayed to St. Theresa. We came to the second lot of guards. They let us pass. We met a prisoner priest. Overwhelmed with joy, he received our good news and the Treasure which we handed to him. He could then administer the Sacrament to his companions in sorrow. That day we traveled on foot a distance of 20 miles. For, to return to Gijon, we had to take a roundabout route."

A wounded priest was taken to the hospital. He had in his possession the innocent-looking capsules. Near him they brought a young soldier who was severely wounded. The priest painfully made his way to the soldier's side, heard his confession, then told him he might receive Holy Communion in Viaticum. The soldier received our

Lord in the Eucharist. Everything was done quickly and discreetly. But a nurse saw the priest's gesture, understood what had happened. There was denunciation, punishment. The priest, though badly hurt, was sent to the battalion of discipline. But the dying soldier had received the sacraments.

One day there came to the White Witch a card bearing a military postmark: "I am at Ste-Anne d'Abuli, working on the fortifications. I have written to you several times. No answer. I have no more capsules. I need them very much."

The White Witch set off on foot, at 4:30 in the morning. It was a long and dangerous trip; the sentinels were reported to be specially fierce and difficult. With the White Witch traveled a young girl who had an errand to the same place.

At the first sentry post there were many tearful people. No one was permitted to pass. The persistent White Witch had an idea. She knew a sol-

dier supposed to be on duty there. She asked for him. He came, greeted her amiably and conducted her through the sentries as a guest. She reached the enclosure where the prisoners were herded.

Happily, the priest who had written to her was there, sick. Painfully he rose, leaning on his stick, came toward the visitor. She handed him the treasure she bore. An officer, suspicious, examined the packet. In most innocent tones the White Witch said to him, "You see they are capsules, 30 of them, which he habitually takes and which are good for him." And while the officer turned his back, she handed the priest a prayerbook and a rosary.

So, about the priest's pallet, during the days that followed, prisoners came one by one, making their confessions. And in the early morning hours they returned to receive our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

This is the story as told in the Spanish by Jaime Santiago.

Insult

A member of the Mound City Ladies' Aid Society went into a bank not long ago to deposit some of the society's funds. She remarked to the teller that she was depositing some "aid money."

The teller, understanding her to say "egg money," remarked, "Wonderful, isn't it, how well the old hens are doing these days."

He couldn't understand why the lady grabbed up her passbook and hurried out of the bank.

Leon F. Johnstone in the *Candle* (Jan. '40).

A Cheer for the Pope

By CHAPLAIN WILLIAM A MAGUIRE

Condensed from the *Catholic Herald**

Each year in early June, battleships of the Atlantic Squadron drop anchor about five miles off the shore of Annapolis, Md. One can easily view from the decks the great dome of the Naval Academy Chapel nestled in the early-summer green of the trees in the "Yard." It is the end of June Week and hundreds of midshipmen are preparing to embark for the annual practice cruise in European waters. They have welcomed the end of a trying year with its daily routine of drills and studies.

To the older officers it is always a happy thrill to watch the motor launches, heavily laden with excited youth, as they press onward with their precious cargo. Each midshipman, in his uniform of "white works," totes his sea-bag and hammock as he hops from the restless boat to the gangway, and climbs the steep ladder to the quarter-deck.

Our first evening at sea, as the squadron stood out of the bay in formation, leaving the shores of Virginia and the glow of the west in its churned wake, a young midshipman came over to the place where I was watching the movies. He inquired, "Father, are we going to see the Pope?"

"Of course, son. One always does."

*Honolulu, Hawaii. July 12, 1940.

"Oh, boy! What a break for us!"

Our first port of call was Barcelona, and it took us all of 20 days, what with gunnery drills and ship maneuvering, before we dropped "the hook" in the bay. All hands had many and varied plans for the visit, but over 1,000 had responded to the admiral's radio message in mid-Atlantic announcing a special Mass that was to be celebrated in one of the larger churches in Barcelona. The admiral in command of the squadron had directed that each of the three ships ascertain the number of officers, midshipmen and sailors who desired to attend the Mass.

Poor Barcelona. How little did her people know what tragedy the future would bring for their beautiful city. On that sunny June morning our huge church party marched along the wide, shaded boulevard with our massed bands playing. We filled the old Church of St. Stephen, and the squadron chaplain celebrated solemn Mass, assisted by distinguished pastors of the city. A young Jesuit priest came over from the Astronomical Observatory and delivered an excellent sermon. He had taught at St. Louis University and his command of English was extraordinary. He welcomed us "home."

Our next port of call was Naples where a chance was given all hands to visit the old city's interesting environs, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Capri and the rest, but the thought in everyone's mind was Rome.

There were to be two large parties, one on Saturday, the other on Monday, each made up of 500 men. The first group left the ships early in the morning and found a special train chartered to take them on this memorable adventure. It was exciting, for most of the lads were about to have their first ride on a continental train, and to order their first lunch in an Italian dining car. The chef on that run made an enviable reputation.

They told us, on our arrival at Rome, that Pope Pius XI would grant an audience to our party at five that afternoon. This allowed a few hours for sight-seeing, and time to buy Rosary beads and medals to be blessed by the Vicar of Christ.

Promptly at the appointed hour we assembled in the audience room. The Holy Father had been strolling in the garden and he seemed the picture of health. His 20-minute address indicated vigor and strength. He was then in his late 70's. The rector of the North American College translated the speech for us and then turned to me and suggested that I propose three cheers for the Holy Father. His thought was that this might ease the tension; all hands had maintained a

studious silence up to this moment.

As soon as I made the announcement, a midshipman, he who had addressed me at the movies our first night at sea, proved quick on the draw. He arose and shouted, "Let's give a 4-N yell for Pius XI." Five hundred voices in perfect unison rendered for the first time in the history of the Vatican the Naval Academy's cheer of victory: N-N-N-N . . . A-A-A-A . . . V-V-V-V . . . Y-Y-Y-Y . . . Naaaavy . . . Pius the XIth."

I was much relieved when I discovered the Holy Father smiling and clapping his hands. My old friend and former navy chaplain, Msgr. Eugene S. Burke, the rector of the American College, explained to the Holy Father that this was the American collegiate way of rendering high honor. The great pope approved, and he again clapped his hands.

The Midshipman Squadron, faithful to a long tradition, invariably seeks an audience with the Roman pontiff. The Holy Father said on that day that the officers and men of the American Navy were always welcome at the Vatican.

A cheer for the Holy Father! Would we were able this year to cheer the heart of our beloved Pius XII. The midshipmen will not visit Rome this summer but many hundreds, however, on this year's practice cruise in the Caribbean, will pray for his intention. They will pray for peace, and may God grant that their prayers are heard.

France and the Third Republic

Witnes of the eldest daughter

By PHILIP HUGHES

Condensed from the *Tablet**

What is the essential France, what is its soul? Assuredly not atheism, not liberal agnosticism; for by very definition these things are negations. Nor is it political action, if only because from politics the whole body of French womanhood is completely shut off, and it is inconceivable that the essential France is something that interests only the men. History would say that the soul of France is the Catholic faith, and that France was baptized in the very moment of its birth, at Rheims in the victorious Clovis of 496. True, in the course of the 1,450 years that have since gone by, the relations of soul and body have not been uniformly ideal; there have been times when the life of the spirit barely flickered. But it was as truly the Catholic Church as the 40 kings that *en mille ans fit la France*. And the key to the riddle of France is the state of French Catholicism, the degree to which it informs the Frenchman, and is in its turn enriched and developed by his service.

How has the soul of France fared in the epoch, now seemingly reaching a close, of the Third Republic? There is not the space here to chronicle the history of the 70 years since that terrible first Sunday of September, 1870, when the news of Sedan was given to

the French people, and the Empire fell forever. We are all learning now that the Third Republic was a compromise, almost an accident, that just happened, and the first impression we are likely to have of its Catholicism is of a body hopelessly torn by political divisions. The majority of the nation was not pro-Republican, but it was too divided to avail against the Republican minority. And in that minority, whose ideals were the ideals of 1789, there were, naturally enough, no Catholics worth counting.

In 1879 the control of the new Republic passed into Republican hands, and the secularization of the state began in good earnest. All that Gregory XVI (*Mirari Vos*) had stigmatized in the work of 1789, and that Pius IX (*Quanta Cura*) had reprobated in the new Italy of Cavour, now took legal shape in France, and Leo XIII in the *Immortale Dei* of 1885, drew the new state's portrait in a masterly comparison with what had once been—and must again be if the nation (and the world) were to survive. The religious orders were dissolved; their property was sequestered; education became a government monopoly and was secularized, and a general war of attrition slowly drove all Catholics from out the

*39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. July 13, 1940.

higher ranks of the public service and, eventually, from the army also. The Catholics resisted, as actively in the Parliament as their numbers and the procedure allowed, and elsewhere passively, somewhat sullenly, too many of them pinning their hopes to a future overturning of the Republic. The divisions were fatal, and the intervention of Leo XIII, designed to make all Catholics loyal to the Republican regime (as the only means of rechristianizing it and as the only answer to the anticlericals' fatal charge that no Catholic could be loyal to the state), the so-called movement of *ralliement*, only half succeeded.

With the elections of 1899 things took a decided turn for the worse. There had been, and there still was in progress, the *affaire Dreyfus*, and now the extreme of Masonic-inspired hatred of religion came to full power. The state dissolved its union with the Church, and confiscated the whole of the ecclesiastical property; it broke off relations with the Holy See, and there began a regime of treachery and malice and incessant petty persecution that continued until the war came in 1914.

The separation of Church and state (1905), its financial consequences (for it meant that something like a million a year had to be found immediately by the Catholics) and its consequences to all who aspired to a public career or state employment, was a blow intended to kill. It merely proved, however, that

French Catholicism was hardier than even its friends had known. In the most splendid demonstration of loyal obedience to Rome that modern times have seen, the French hierarchy prepared to rebuild the entire fabric of their Church, and their people answered the call with a like greatness of heart.

It was while the Catholics of France were thus beginning to accommodate themselves to a new freedom and to new burdens that the war of 1914-1918 began. It ended in victory, and a new respect for the Catholic among the infidel generation bred since 1879; in a new respect generally for the priest, and the suspension, as by tacit agreement, of the anti-Catholic laws. But before the bishops there lay the impossible task of replacing the tens of thousands of priests and clerics killed in the trenches. And if relations with the state were improved, thanks in great part to the willingness of Benedict XV, the inevitable condemnation, under his successor, of the *Action Française*, was a shattering blow to that section of the French Church which prided itself on having kept the faith, *si fieri potest*, better than most.

But even that crisis was passing into history when the present pope had the happiness to reconcile, quite recently, the now submissive chiefs of the movement, and the Church in France gave every sign that she was steadily moving to a real fullness of achievement when

the war broke out in September last. How she would fare were Hitler, in any finality of disaster, to begin to weave his deathly obscenities around her, no one can have any doubt. In the Catholic Church in France he would meet the nation's soul, and to his foul yoke this at least will never submit itself.

In our own time, yet once again, *Gesta Dei per Francos*, the trained intelligence of Catholic France has been truly the sword of the Spirit. The most fearful aspect of the present tragedy is the religious aspect, for it is the eldest daughter of Catholicism that is now struck down, and this just as the signs of her recovery from the desolation of a century and a half are made manifest to all. Without for a moment wishing to suggest any comparisons between the intrinsic worth of Catholicism as it shows itself in various countries (such discussions are futile as well as dangerous, for no man can read another man's soul) it may be said that the Catholic intelligence of 20th-century France has enlightened the whole of the Church, producing, in a modern tongue that is still the tongue of civilized man universally, an abundance of original work of the highest order, theology, scriptural studies, history (both sacred and profane), philosophy, sociology, belles-lettres, poetry.

What a catalogue of great works the very names of the Catholic writers recall, what an immense indebtedness to

the France of these last 40 years: Billot, De la Taille and Garrigou-Lagrange for scholastic theology, and the brilliant band of Dominicans who, with much else, have given us the new annotated edition of the *Summa*; Lagrange and Grandmaison for work on the New Testament; Mandonnet, Duchesne and Batiffol among the older historians, Amann and Lebreton, Jaquin and Bardy still happily alive; and all the corps of writers who have produced the great *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*; in philosophy Maritain and Gilson are household names, laymen both, as is the Church historian, Albert Dufourcq; again, whom has not the deep spirituality of Paul Claudel's genius affected, and the finality of Henri Ghéon encouraged and strengthened? And the varied output of the doyen of all this activity that shows the Catholic soul in all its universality, the aged Alfred Baudrillart, still rector of that much tried and much enduring Catholic University of Paris and cardinal of the holy Roman Church, still the accomplished humanist and historian. These and a host of less known scholars, men and women—and I have said not a word about the musicians and the painters and the sculptors, nor of the *Semaines Sociales*—have not only proved, as surely as the yearly movement of thousands to Lourdes and to Lisieux, the fact of the religious renaissance in the France of our time, but have given that France every right to

recognition as being in the 20th century what it was in the 13th, the *studium* of the Catholic Church.

This Catholic intelligence, which for so long has fought constructively the battle of the faith on every front, has not ever been under any illusion as to the grave weaknesses in the national

life of France. The one feature towards which the moral nose of English Catholics was most speedily directed was, of course, the succession of anti-Catholic governments. But not the most censorious of foreigners was more grave about this than the Catholic leaders of France.



The White Line

When the first labor injunction hit the Guild in the Newark *Ledger* strike in 1934, a drastic injunction was issued. Heywood Broun went at once to Newark, on a cold winter night, to test the Guild's constitutional rights on the *Ledger* picket line.

Broun then took up the task of answering the serious charges that were made against him. The first charge was that in his column he had described a certain non-striker, named Jack Boyle, as a trained seal, and thus intimidated Boyle. Broun explained very carefully to the judge that he hadn't done anything of the kind. He said that he wrote in his column that he had taken a walk in Central Park and there, after watching the seals play, he had simply christened one of the seals, Jack Boyle. Broun argued that that was not intimidation. He said it was only mockery.

He was charged with intimidating another non-striker, one Walter Wynn. Broun testified that he saw that non-striker in front of the picket line, and then in a most unusual fashion, very *unusual* for Broun, he lured that striker to Giddy's bar across the street. He said that he spent three hours in that bar.

At the end, Broun said to Wynn, "Do you see that white line which stretches across Giddy's dance floor? The Guild members who are on strike are on one side of that line, and you, Wynn, are on the other side, on the side of the employer. Why don't you make up your mind and decide what side of the line you will stay on, and come out and join the strikers?"

By that time Wynn was so confused he couldn't see the white line at all, and shortly thereafter, intimidated to the gills, he left the bar to make his injunction affidavit.

Now, Heywood never forgot that white line while he was alive. I am sure that his spirit goes on in the hearts and minds of trade-union men and others who believe in the extension of the good life. That spirit will always be on the workers' side of that white line that stretched across the floor of Giddy's dance hall.

A. J. Isserman in *Heywood Broun As He Seemed to Us* (Random: 1940).

Napoleonic Pattern

Historic repetition

By MAX FISCHER

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

"We have seen a young man of no name or family, an adventurer, a foreigner, who had fed upon the bread of public charity: we have seen him step forward, put his bit in the mouth of a furious nation, scourge it with his whip and goad it with his spurs. We have seen them, all as one man, become the tools of his ambition, a mighty engine in his hands, that has been wielded by him hither and thither at his pleasure. Like the he-goat in the Prophet Daniel, that 'touched not the ground' as he went, we have seen this modern Alexander moving in his career of victory with astonishing rapidity, shaking the pillars of every government within his reach and still adding nation after nation to the train of his conquests. All this we have seen already; and what will be the next act in the drama, or what its catastrophe, Omniscience alone can foretell."

A very good description of present European conditions, isn't it? You are right: my quotations are from an American newspaper editorial, covered with the dignified patina of more than 130 years. They are from the *Connecticut Courant* of Oct. 25, 1809.

Napoleon and Hitler both turned social revolutions into expansive for-

eign policies, into national conquests, and each claimed that it was his mission as Europe's "strong man" to give a new order to the chaotic continent. Their power politics were assisted by the dynamite of new, revolutionary ideas. Wherever their armies appeared, there was already what is called in our days a "fifth column": sympathizers with the invading armies, by no means all paid spies and traitors, but partly sincere believers in the new revolutionary principles. These citizens of the invaded countries were the "Trojan horse"; their ideologies or their even more practical help opened the gates to the conquerors.

Both Napoleon and Hitler believed themselves born for this mission, superior to all other mortals in the energy of their will power and in persistence for carrying out their designs. But in spite of this feeling of being "supermen" they were careful to be in accord with the collective forces of their ages and therefore convinced of being able to carry out the determinations of "destiny."

You can find such analogies even in psychological details. It has often been reported how much Hitler believes in his "fortune" and relies on "inner voices." But from the memoirs of M.

*386 4th Ave., New York City. Aug. 2, 1940.

de Bourienne we learn that even here he follows in the footsteps of Napoleon. When Bonaparte arrived in Egypt with the French fleet he stubbornly claimed that "fortune" gave him but three days for landing his troops. He impatiently pushed away all the rational arguments of Admiral Bruyes to delay the disembarkation. "The chimerical idea of 'fortune,'" the author complains, "constantly influenced Napoleon's decisions."

Napoleon declared it to be his mission to destroy feudalism and to bring with the victorious French tricolor the revolutionary laws of his *Code Civil* and "the blessings of tolerance." The underprivileged in the conservative countries were inclined to expect benefits from "the Son of the Revolution." In a similar way Hitler not only promised Germans "to break the chains of Versailles," but also assured the world that he intended "to free the nations from capitalism and plutocracy." Certain groups in the conservative countries expect the German Fuehrer to bring with his swastika the promised social justice and economic security.

Both Napoleon and Hitler based their stupendous results on the technical superiority and the bold tactical methods of their armies. For his era Napoleon won by *Blitzkrieg* just as Hitler does now. He did not spare the lives of his soldiers as the leaders of the costly old mercenary armies had to do. For the "Son of the Revolution" was able to make good all his

losses by conscription which, far from being "anti-democratic," was perhaps the most far-reaching innovation of the French Revolution.

Napoleon like Hitler believed in offensive tactics. Their military aims are not only to break through the lines of the enemy but to destroy them. Moving with utmost speed across country, they endeavor to strike a vital blow at the heart of their opponent, concentrating on the fall of his capital and the demoralization of his fighting spirit.

Both Napoleon and Hitler seemed to those content with the *status quo* not only foes of the ruling classes and of a world of petrified states, but "voices of destruction," destroyers of decency and all the true values of human civilization.

To the religious mind they seemed the arch-enemies of Christianity, or even Antichrist in person. They were called "instruments of cruelty that are filling the earth with violence and with blood," "staining the pride of human glory and bringing into contempt the honorable of the earth." Many religious leaders became fearful that the triumph of the conquerors might mean the complete destruction of the Christian churches.

Napoleon and Hitler both agreed in denying that they were desirous of conquest; they claimed that they only protected the fruits of their revolutions against the attacks of the "re-

actionary powers." As late as on St. Helena, Napoleon insisted that he never was the attacker, always merely the defender of France. Of course the adversaries of Napoleon and Hitler refused to take such assertions seriously. They were convinced they were fighting at the same time a world revolution and a French or German dictatorship over Europe in joining forces against the "usurper."

It is very instructive to search into the thoughts of the coalition against Napoleon. In the early days of Bonaparte's conquests, Friedrich von Gentz, the brilliant Austrian publicist, wrote a pamphlet which gives an analysis of his time that sounds like an interpretation of recent world events. Gentz blames the allied countries for not realizing early enough that the new French system was not a transitory madness but a powerful social revolution. They fought the French Revolution with impotent arms, not understanding that they had to fight "armed opinions" as much as soldiers. With remarkable insight he understands that the same revolutionary spirit which turned society upside down also completely changed the character of international conflicts.

Only the *émigrés* fully realized the dynamic force of the revolution; but while others failed through ignorance, these victims of the revolution were deceived by their own wishful thinking. It is like reading the story of

our days to find Gentz describing how the *émigrés* overdid the description of underground movements at home and of the economic anarchy caused by the revolution; they deceived themselves and the governments which gave them places of refuge as to the real strength of the revolution.

I could continue such comparisons through many pages, but I do not want to exaggerate the likeness. For history does not repeat itself mechanically. Similar situations have often different realizations when appearing in different centuries. The instructive parallels between Napoleon's era and our own are only one side of the picture; the differences should not be overlooked.

The French Revolution freed the individual from traditional abuses of autocracy and from class privileges. The ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity appealed to both the intellectuals and the oppressed. The National-Socialist revolution, based according to Hitler's own words on "a cooperation of brutal power and ingenious political intention," destroys the liberty of the intellectual and the merchant, but frees the masses from the nightmare of unemployment. The individual returns from the atomization of the 19th-century society into a new intolerance and compulsion. So of course the sympathizers with Hitler are not the liberals, like the admirers of Napoleon, but groups with anti-liberal and anti-

capitalist resentments and grievances.

The states which fought Napoleon had to follow the advice of Gentz "to fight the French Revolution with its own arms" by self-instituted and self-executed regeneration, which introduced basic features "from above." Serfdom and personal obligation to the junkers were ended with one dash of the pen by a monarch who hoped by such social reforms to save his kingdom against Napoleon's imperialism. At the same time he approved a military reorganization according to Napoleonic principles and tactics. This was the method used to prepare the defeat of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons.

Those who fight Hitler are of course in the opposite position. They curb the freedom of press and speech, limit the rights of both business and labor, limit rights of personal liberty, build concentration camps, prepare totalitarian propaganda and warfare.

That France and England introduced such measures in order to fight Hitler is too well known for mention. Since the French defeat and the growing fear of Hitler's expansion to this continent, some tendencies in the totalitarian direction are noticeable even in this liberty-loving nation. Note the "Concentration Camp Bill" (House Resolution 5643) of Congressman Sam Hobbs (Ala.); the proposed Reynolds amendment to the LaFollette Labor

Practices Bill and other anti-alien legislation. President Roosevelt's plan for universal compulsory government training is not alone military conscription as adopted by the continental states of Europe in the Napoleonic era. It includes governmental training of the citizens to "discipline and unselfishness," training for economic preparedness, patriotic service for the fair sex: all features which to liberals of 19th-century vintage have a definite odor of totalitarianism. But the most interesting development in the fight against European totalitarianism by its own methods is the administration's proposed economic union of all the states of this hemisphere in order to prevent the European dictators from dealing with these countries individually.

Another difference between the Napoleonic era and ours is that Napoleon was an individual and unique challenge to the historic order, a solitary figure in his century. Hitler has to compromise with his "colleagues" in Italy, Russia and perhaps soon in Japan, Spain and Pétain's France. This is both his strength and his weakness. He has either to appease his rivals or to fight them. Till now the doctrinaire policy of his enemies against all the "aggressor nations" unites the totalitarian states. Will they consolidate Europe before some day a wiser and more realistic policy starts fighting the dictators by dividing them?

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

- White, Olive B. *Late Harvest*. New York: Macmillan. 442 pp. \$2.50.
The struggle of an English Catholic family, loyal to their faith and their queen, is set against the betrayals of Mary Queen of Scots.

- Sheen, Fulton J. *Whence Comes War*. New York: Sheed. 119 pp. \$1.
Developed from radio talks, the book, based on the principles in *Summa Pontificatus*, is concerned with the evils that lead to war.

- Noyes, Alfred. *No Other Man*. New York: Stokes. \$2.50.
The two characters in the book escape the secret weapon used by nations simultaneously in 1950 to destroy all men. It challenges civilization to realize this logical outcome of its present practices.

- Lavery, Emmet. *Brother Petroc's Return*. New York: Samuel French. 154 pp. \$1.50.
A splendid adaptation with convincing dialogue of the popular novel by the English nun, S. M. C.

- Carbery, Lady Mary. *The Farm of Lough Gur*. New York: Longmans. 282 pp. \$2.
A true story of ideal family life on a farm in county Limerick.

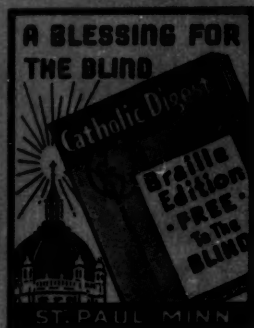
- Lattey, Rev. C., S. J., ed. *Cambridge Summer-School Lectures. Religion and Science*. London: Burns. 229 pp. \$2.25.
Papers read at the Summer School of Catholic Studies held at Cambridge from July 29 to Aug. 7, 1939.

- Marmion, Dom Columba, O. S. B. *Words of Life*. St. Louis: Herder. 486 pp. \$3.
Characteristic extracts from the spiritual works of Dom Marmion arranged for each day of the year.

- Waugh, Evelyn. *Mexico, An Object Lesson*. New York: Little, Brown. 338 pp. \$2.50.
Some personal travel, mostly a combination of history, analysis of that history, religion and philosophy. Title in England, *Robbery Under the Law*.

- Bolton, Herbert Eugene. *The Padre on Horseback*. San Francisco: Sonora Press. 90 pp. \$2.
The story of Father Kino, the intrepid Jesuit missionary, church builder, explorer and ranchman of the Southwest, whose fame, obscured by time, is again being recognized.

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